

1875

**SOUTH
HAMPSTEAD
CRICKET CLUB**

1975



Middlesex League Champions 1974

Standing l. to r. R. Axworthy (Umpire), S. Hatherell, O. Burton, A.R. Cox, C. Price,
S. Thompson, G. Howe.

Sitting l. to r. K. Hardie, T.M. Cordaroy, I.C.L. Jerman (capt.), L.G. Stubbs, N.P.D. Ross.

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Preface

Cricketing centenaries have been celebrated in print in every way, from the heaviest of hardbacks to the briefest of brochures. The format of this publication to mark a hundred years of South Hampstead cricket has evolved partly by circumstance, partly by design.

When the editors began their research it soon became apparent that the Club records of the early years were fragmentary and even into the 1930's much was missing. Henry Brooman's personal collection of Club miscellanea (dating back at least to the 1880's) did not survive a family move after his death and a collection of pre-1939 score books and other records in Frank Rayner's garage were the target of an incendiary bomb in the Blitz. Many of the gaps have been filled by a perusal of contemporary match records in "Cricket" and "The Cricketer", but it was not possible to undertake a detailed search of all the Local Press files.

In any case it was not the intention to produce a detailed year by year statistical account of the Club's activities and so what follows is an outline history with some personal reminiscences of a few members; finally there are some facts and figures for the statistically minded.

The editors offer their sincere thanks to the contributing members for their literary efforts and hope that within these few pages something has been captured of the spirit of South Hampstead cricket.

South Hampstead Cricket Club 1875~1975

During the second half of the 19th century few London cricket clubs enjoyed the luxury of a private ground; one of the main centres of activity was Regent's Park where on a fine Saturday afternoon some twenty games would be in progress. In 1875 this cheerful assembly of park cricketers was joined by the newly formed Crescent C. C. Very little record has survived of this club's early activities but the foundations laid in those far off days have stood the test of time, for Crescent were the forefathers of South Hampstead. Despite the impact of two World Wars, several enforced changes of ground including a period as a wandering club and recurrent shortages of money, beer, tea ladies and other vital ingredients the Club has now achieved one hundred unbroken seasons and has long held a leading place in London club cricket.

The earliest recorded match is on 7th July 1883 when Crescent defeated Castle by 18 runs. Other long forgotten names among the opposition of those days were City Rovers, Beaumont, Dartmouth Park and Junior Middlesex. After ten years in Regent's Park the Club moved to the Eton and Middlesex ground at Primrose Hill and changed its name to South Hampstead. Eton and Middlesex was a privately managed sports ground off Harley Road with a number of pitches, the home of several well-known clubs of that era.

Surviving match records are still scarce but one is of a game at Winchmore Hill in 1887, when the Club totalled 208 and the home side replied with 13 - 7. To keep this result in perspective it must be remembered that declarations were then unknown; club scores were generally low (probably a reflection of

the quality of the pitches) and a score of 200 was comparable to 300 plus today. In fact an innings total of 310 - 5 was achieved by the Club against Hampstead in 1889; South Hampstead exercised the newly introduced right to declare, but presumably rain intervened as Hampstead did not bat. W. Hanwell's 101* in this match is the earliest recorded century for the Club. Strange to relate a month earlier Northbrook scored 311 against the Club, who did not bat.

The earliest surviving fixture card is for 1889; the name of the President is an indication of the standing already achieved by the Club; this was the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, a member of the cricketing family prominent in the annals of Middlesex and England. Incidentally the subscription was then 25/- and the Club colours were red, yellow and black. These colours were retained until 1906 when a change was made to dark and light blue; twenty years later the claret and white were added to form the present combination.

Early in the 90's the Eton and Middlesex ground succumbed to the spreading tide of bricks and mortar in N.W. London and for a few years the Club became a wandering side, although members had the use of a field in Walm Lane for practice. Despite this handicap the standard of cricket showed no signs of decline and fixtures were played against most of the leading clubs.

A feature of club cricket in those days was the more frequent appearance of first class players, as there were fewer County matches.

For example in the first ever Clapton cricket week in 1895, C. P. McGahey, the celebrated Essex batsman, who had just made his County debut, scored 95 against the Club; a later generation of Club bowlers also suffered at his hands when in 1911 he scored an unbeaten century for South Saxons. In the annual local derbies against Hampstead the Club usually faced the famous pair, A. E. Stoddart and F. R. Spofforth. In 1894 the latter's six wickets helped to dismiss the Club for 67 in reply to Hampstead's 208 - 8 declared and Stoddart's 154 against the Club in August 1899 was the start of a run of four centuries in successive matches within nine days.

The Annual Tour was already a feature of the season's activities and the Club visited Norfolk, Devon and Kent in successive years. It was on the Kent Tour of 1894 in a match against Hythe that the Club encountered C. J. Kortright, often said to be the fastest bowler of all time. After scoring 141, Kortright took 9 wickets and caught the tenth man!

In 1896 a ground was rented in St. Quintin's Avenue, North Kensington, but again the builders moved in, so in 1900 South Hampstead leased their present ground in Sidmouth Road and embarked on an era of growth, culminating in the Club as we know it today. After sixty years as tenants of the Church Commissioners, the Club purchased the ground freehold in 1961 ensuring the future of club cricket in that corner of Brent.

The history of the Club since 1900 falls naturally into three periods divided by the

THE PRESIDENT



H. L. Wallach, Esq.

SOME PRE - 1914 PERSONALITIES



two World Wars. Pre-1914 the scene was very different from today. Milverton Road was still fields, the only houses in sight were a few large ones in Brondesbury Park and the only weekday activity was the groundsman leading his horse which wore large leather overshoes when pulling mower or roller. The horse was stabled behind the pavilion, the same pavilion which was only recently replaced by the modern clubhouse.

Of the prominent players of that period the name that springs first to mind is H. W. Brooman, senior member of a family whose association with the Club extended from its foundation until the late 60's. Henry Brooman joined the Crescent C. C. as a teenager and in addition to an active playing career, at various times held every administrative office, finally being President from 1940 until his death nine years later. His three sons Percy, Bob and Hubert all played regularly between the wars and in later years Bob and Hubert gave yeoman service off the field. The family link was finally broken with the death in 1968 of their sister Florrie, who for many years assisted with the catering.

Another notable family of pre-1914 days were the Sherwells, a father and eight sons who all played for the Club; the best known, Percy, captained South Africa in 1905 - 7 and the youngest, Noel, also a wicket keeper, played for Cambridge and Middlesex in the 20's. John Besch joined the Club from Hampstead, where a few years earlier he had taken part in the famous game in which Hampstead totalled 813 against the Stoics; his

contribution of 98 was overshadowed by Stoddart's mammoth innings of 485. Besch later became Club secretary and his son Roy, a graceful batsman of the 20's, is today South Hampstead's oldest past player.

Apparently the Club's wicket was as good then as it is today; over 3,000 runs were scored in Cricket Week in 1908, the tally in the Monday game against Belsize being 670 in five and a half hours play.

The Great War was a difficult period when the Club was only kept alive by the devoted efforts of a few members, but after the Armistice the Club soon regained its pre-war strength in numbers and standard of cricket. In 1919 the 1st. XI was unbeaten with 16 wins from 21 games and by 1921 a regular 3rd. XI was in being. 1921 was a long hot summer when the sun shone from April through to October and for the first time the 1,000 aggregate was recorded for the Club, by Percy Brooman (1163) and Robin Adair (1054). The latter in pre-war days had the unusual distinction of playing for both Scotland and Ireland; he was an elegant batsman, a useful bowler and was probably the Club's best all-rounder of the period. The first bowler to top 100 wickets in a season was Ted Jefcoate in 1920; Ted, the leading bowler of this period, was a medium fast left hander who once took four wickets with four balls.

Other prominent players in the 20's were Arthur Courtney, Harry Moss (of Moss Bros), Charles Pinkham and Herbert and Freddie Wallach. Charles Pinkham, who gained a Triple Blue at Cambridge, was an outstanding

captain and both he and Arthur Courtney were wise and considerate counsellors to younger players on and off the field. Herbert Wallach, whose playing career with the Club extended over forty seasons and who in his prime would go anywhere anytime for a game, was also a notable servant of and benefactor to the Club; it is indeed appropriate that in Centenary Year he celebrates his 25th. year as President.

1930 saw the advent of one of the strongest periods in the Club's history when batsmen of the calibre of Arthur Delcomyn, John Lear, Gilbert Watkins and Bill Western came to the fore. In 1938 six players exceeded 1,000 runs and in one outstanding game High Wycombe totalled 300 only to lose by two wickets in the final over of a half day game. In Charlie Higgins the Club had a fine natural swing bowler who took over 100 wickets for them each season from 1932 to 1936, while behind the stumps Ted Hart in ten seasons claimed 461 victims (261 stumped), setting the Club record in 1936 of 83, of which 45 were stumped. Delcomyn, Lear and Western all gained Club Cricket Conference caps in the middle 30's

But of all the names one stands out from the rest. To any club cricketer whose career included this period the name South Hampstead is synonymous with Henry Malcolm. Henry played his first game for the Club as a 15-year-old in 1929 and by the time he retired thirty years later had gained a place as one of the greatest all-rounders in club cricket. Natural talent, theoretical insight and studious application made him a

distinguished player of many ball games but his outstanding achievements were on the cricket field. A book could be filled with the statistics of his career, but here one can only select a few highlights. A season's aggregate for the Club in 1938 of 1849 runs included 1,000 by 12th June and nine centuries, whilst his 158 wickets in 1934 still stands as the Club record (spare a thought for Charlie Higgins, whose 157 in the same season tends to be overlooked). In the later years of his career Henry established, at Guildford, the individual Club batting record of 217*; he retired with a career total, for the Club alone, of nearly 30,000 runs and over 1,800 wickets. In sixteen seasons he exceeded 1,000 runs and in seven of these he also achieved the 'double'. Pre-war he had played several times for Middlesex II and in 1948 made three appearances for the County side. In addition he played regularly for The Wanderers and Stoics and, after gaining his Concerence cap in 1938 was a regular member of representative CCC teams until the early 50's.

As in the First War the Club had a struggle to survive during 1939-45. Most of the playing members departed for the Forces, but at least one XI was fielded throughout the war with the help of members on leave and guest players. Henry Malcolm was largely responsible for keeping the Club alive, spending many hours on secretarial and ground work and leading the fight to prevent the use of the ground for allotments and pre-fabs. Valuable assistance in helping to maintain the social side of the Club was given by other stalwarts including Bob and Hubert Brooman.

The result of this wartime effort was a rapid return to former strength when peace came. Returning players including Johnnie Woodbridge, Douglas Malcolm, Len Berry and Bill Western combined with wartime acquisitions like Norman Robertson, Ted Shepherd and the Farara brothers to produce under Henry Malcolm's captaincy a team comparable in ability to that of the 30's. This team was rich in personalities. One has only to recall Bill Western's emotions after an unlucky dismissal, and his nonchalant manner of holding a blinding chance; Maurice Farara's picturesque language as Stan Richards, that peer among Club umpires, turned down a succession of frantic appeals and Douglas Malcolm in the slips in earnest conversation with any near neighbour prepared to listen. Their cricketing talents matched their personalities. Bill Western with his powerful pull and on drive consistently passed his 1,000 per season; Maurice Farara was a superb right-arm medium pace cutter and off-breaker, and an attractive bat when he got the chance; Douglas Malcolm's batting was effective rather than attractive but he was a prolific scorer sharing many an opening partnership with brother Henry, including the Club record of 274 against Winchmore Hill. Norman Robertson was a fine fielder, particularly at cover and Norman Cooper, who took over from Ted Shepherd behind the stumps had few equals in club cricket at that time.

In the late 50's Allan Clain succeeded Henry as skipper and took over a side which included a nucleus of young players who had emerged from the Club's coaching scheme, introduced by Henry Malcolm and Norman Robertson in the late

40's. John Weale, Roy Phipps, the Tutton brothers and Don Wallis had already gained regular 1st. XI places whilst Ron Hooker, by then an established Middlesex player, still turned out for the Club when County commitments permitted. Bob Peach had begun to make his mark, though his appearances for the Club were limited while he skippered London University and played for the Army and the Combined Services during his two years national service. Despite the individual talent, the team's potential was seldom reflected in its results, possibly partly owing to lack of consistency in the batting. The arrival of Terry Cordaroy in 1960 provided the much-needed sheet anchor and since then Terry has been the Club's most consistent run-getter; his stylish stroke play and sound defence have already produced over 26,000 runs for the Club including 2,000 in each of five seasons. In addition his slip and gully fielding have been notable; in 1969 he set a new Club record of 38 catches. For several seasons he appeared regularly for Middlesex II and in 1968 played twice for the County side. In addition he has played many times for the Club Cricket Conference and together with Len Stubbs in 1971 visited Australia with the first ever CCC Touring team.

Bob Peach, who became skipper in 1961, deserves special mention. A fine all-rounder, he was an enthusiastic leader of a keen and youthful side. He has also played a leading role in cricket administration both for the Club and for Middlesex Youth and is currently a member of the County Committee. Other all-rounders in the 60's were John Weale, Alan Huntley (brother Roy had already moved on to

High Wycombe) and Robin Ager, one of the best batsman/wicket keepers ever to play for the Club. Another sound keeper was Richard Brooks, who later played for Somerset after gaining his Blue at Oxford. In the University match against Somerset in 1967 he had the unusual role of 12th man for both sides; when the University keeper was injured the Somerset captain gave permission for Richard to take over behind the stumps — and was promptly caught by him. Opposing bowlers of those years often suffered cavalier treatment at the hands of Len Stubbs, who had few equals as an aggressive middle-order batsman with his crashing square drive and lofted pull off the toes played with an almost arrogant nonchalance. The opening seam attack of Don Wallis and Bill Hart was well supported by off-spinner John Tutton and Roy Phipps, who captured over 1,700 wickets with leg spin and googly bowling in twenty three years with the Club. John Tutton was also a useful batsman and was the most recent player to achieve the double (in 1962). During this period Robin Ager, Terry Cordaroy, Bob Peach and Len Stubbs all played for the Club Cricket Conference, the three latter being awarded caps.

1968 saw the beginning of fundamental changes in London club cricket with the introduction of a limited-over knock-out competition in Middlesex and a league in Surrey. That the Club was well-equipped for knock-out cricket was shown by their immediate and continuing success in the Wills Trophy, in which they have now reached the final six times in seven seasons. For the first three years they seemed destined to be permanent runners-up,

losing in successive finals to Hornsey and twice to Ealing. However victory eventually came in 1971, to be repeated in '73 and '74.

When league cricket reached Middlesex the Club made a less certain start; players were divided in their attitudes towards league cricket and this was possibly reflected in the team's performance. However the necessary adjustments were soon made and the Club became League Champions in 1974, thus entering Centenary Year as the first holders of the League/Cup double.

Away from the pressures of league and cup the Sunday XI under the shrewd captaincy of Don Wallis is undefeated since August 1971, winning 42 of the 69 games played. Newcomers in these latter years who contributed to the Club's success include batsmen Colin Price, Stephen Thompson and Lincoln Sylburne and bowlers Ian Jerman, Allan Cox and Ossie Burton. Colin, now returned to Australia, made his mark as an opening bat and slip fielder in his four seasons with the Club; Lincoln with a typically West Indian approach can turn a game with his aggressive left-handed batting; Stephen, in 1973 a talented schoolboy who gained his English Schools cap, scored over 1,400 runs last season and should have a great future with the Club; Allan Cox's left arm spin helped to confound the theory that there is no place for spinners in limited-over cricket; Ossie, with his apparently effortless action looks as if he could bowl for ever and Ian Jerman, a fast-medium opening bowler and often useful late-order bat, took over the captaincy at short notice last season and led the side to the double.

This account of the Club's first hundred years has of necessity been selective in its mention of individuals and has mainly recorded the fortunes of the 1st. XI. A general tribute must now be paid to all the other members who have contributed to the Club's well-being as officials and players. Without the long succession of secretaries, treasurers and others who have devoted their leisure to running the Club and the unsung heroes of the lower XI's, South Hampstead, like any other Club, would never have survived a dozen seasons, let alone a hundred.

Despite all the changes in Laws and tactics and even dress, club cricket is still in essence the game it was a century ago. When, in this summer's Middlesex League fixture, South Hampstead meet fellow centenarians North Middlesex, the players will have much in common with their forebears who, as the Crescent and Holborn Clubs met at Pages Ground on 24th May 1884.

A miscellany of Tours, Weeks and memorable matches

"Have kit, will tour".

The Club's first recorded Tour, to Sussex in 1889, ended on a triumphant note when Polegate were dismissed for 11, to lose by 262 runs. Sussex was revisited in '90, but the following year a party which included the Club's professional, Hirst, set out for Norfolk in August. It is interesting to picture the train journey from Liverpool Street into East Anglia and the inter-match travel by horse and carriage. The first fixture, a two day, two innings game at Gunton Park, provided an exciting finish as the home side won by one run, despite Hirst's 11 wickets. Games were also played against C.E.Y.M.S. (Lakenham), Great Yarmouth and Melton Constable, but the match at North Walsham was rained off.

In '91 the Club visited Devon for the first time, for three two day games at Exeter, Exmouth and Sidmouth. The Club beat Exeter and Exmouth by an innings but lost by an innings to Sidmouth; the new professional, Mills, bearing the brunt of the bowling, took 28 wickets in the five innings.

No record has survived for 1893, but in '94 Kent was the chosen venue. Reference has been made elsewhere to "Kortright's game" at Hythe; of the crushing defeat of Folkestone a contemporary report said "the home team's batting was so feeble that but little can be said about the bowling of those who took the wickets". J. H. Douglas, father of the famous "J.W.H.T.", guested for the Club on this tour.

In '95 the Club returned to Devon and lost

equally badly to Sidmouth; South Devon also beat the Tourists, who were, however, victorious against Exmouth and Chudleigh.

No further Tours are recorded until after the '14-'18 War, when there began the notable series of Sussex Tours which continued until 1939. In 1933 the Tourists' captain, Herbert Wallach, presented each player with a green cap bearing the team emblem, a sprig of white heather; such caps continued to be worn into the '50's. Older members who were Tourists during this inter-war period will have a wealth of memories of their adventures both on and off the field; two are worthy of special mention, a match against Haywards Heath and the "Wild Bull of Horsham".

The Haywards Heath game in 1938 was played on a hard but sporting pitch and the home side included several County players. Largely through the bowling of Wood and Tuppin the Club were dismissed for 67. During the interval the home supporters were somewhat scathing about 'these so-called strong London teams', but changed their tune when thanks to Tony Millachip (6 - 29) and Henry Malcolm (3 - 15) Haywards Heath were shot out for 54.

The incident at Horsham in 1934 can best be described by quoting from the Tour booklet, produced that year by Richard Croft and Frank Rayner: "The morale of the side was undoubtedly upset considerably by the sudden arrival on the scene, just prior to the tea interval, of a wild bull which, having escaped from Horsham market, proceeded to turn a peaceful country cricket ground into a sanguinary bull-ring. The appalling danger

was first sensed by (our umpire) Chummy, who, realising that discretion was the better part of valour, deserted his stand at square leg for the comparative safety of the pavilion rails. Harry Moss, on the other hand, appeared to display admirable sang froid, but we gathered later that this was due to his fondly imagining that the animal in question was but the female of the species."

After the War the Sussex Tours were resumed and in 1946 at Middleton there was another bizarre incident. Facing a slow leg-break bowler Henry Malcolm went down the wicket to drive, when the ball appeared to break late in mid air. In fact the ball had hit and killed a swallow in flight and the stuffed corpse now reposes in Middleton's pavilion. Legend has it that Henry played two equally correct strokes, first at the ball, then at the bird.

1947 was notable for the Club's only overseas Tour in addition to the usual Sussex one. As a result of the 'twinning' of Willesden and Utrecht, the Club were invited to tour Holland. Playing in a heat wave on matting wickets the Club won two and drew one of the four games and enjoyed the delights of Dutch hospitality. The highlight of the Sussex Tour was the game at Guildford when the home side declared at 305 - 8 only to lose by 8 wickets when Henry Malcolm set a personal, club and ground record of 217*; he and brother Douglas put on 222 for the 1st. wicket and the whole innings lasted only just over two and a half hours.

When, the following year, the Club returned to

Devon, Henry, batting at No.11, recorded one of his infrequent ducks and a knowledgeable local was heard to comment that he "shaped rather better than the average No.11". The Devon Tours of this period were some of the most successful and enjoyable in the history of the Club. The team played sporting games on sometimes equally sporting pitches to the accompaniment of draughts of Devon ale, in the intervals between negotiating the narrow Devon lanes in a large coach and desporting themselves on the beach at Paignton. Some noteworthy victories were recorded, including the 1948 defeat of South Devon to avenge the 1895 result and the following day the demolition of Exmouth for 82 (Len Berry 7 - 19) in reply to 222 - 1 dec. (Henry Malcolm 107*, Douglas Malcolm 99); and the 1949 defeat of Torquay with the aid of a hat trick from Len and a century from Henry, which might have been more but for being given out by umpire Hubert Brooman on the grounds that he'd been there long enough! On several occasions an unfamiliar figure appeared behind the stumps because of the keen competition to qualify for the 'Tourists All-rounders Club'. The qualification was a good innings and taking wickets both as bowler and wicket keeper; from memory the successful candidates were Laurie Israel, Norman Robertson and Henry Malcolm.

Non-cricketing memories of those years abound. The opening game at Tavistock, in 1950, when after freeing the coach from a narrow Dartmoor bridge, the team appeared in Indian file across the moor at tea-time for a 2 o'clock start; Laurie Israel being short changed two years in succession at Chudleigh; Jack Barnard's

frantic efforts to escape from the tennis courts at Plymouth on a dark, rainy evening; the New Zealander at Chudleigh who claimed a four minute twelve mile, in army boots! and a hundred others.

Regrettably support declined and no further tours were arranged until 1958 when a return was made to Sussex. For the first three years of the new series the Club's arrival on the South Coast coincided with intense depressions over the Channel. In 1958 after a comfortable win against Horsham only three and a half hours play was possible during the rest of the week. The following year only the Bognor game had to be abandoned but the weather was responsible for a bizarre finish at Lewes Priory. With a target of 127, the Priory reached 100 - 3 with half an hour to go when the drizzle began. With the home side within two runs of victory and the rain pelting down, Allan Clain put himself on, to prolong the agony no longer. Three balls and two wickets later the Priory skipper, at the crease, was frantically signalling the next man to come in when their umpire, deciding he'd had enough, pulled up the stumps and scurried for the shelter of the pavilion, leaving the skipper stranded and saving the Tourists from certain defeat.

In 1960 two full days play were followed by fifty four hours of continuous rain, but then the gods of the weather relented for a few years. During this period two innings are worthy of mention, Terry Cordaroy's chanceless 103* at Chichester Priory Park in 1961 and Len Stubb's slaughter of Littlehampton the following year; his 124 included eight 6's and

twelve 4's.

Once again support declined and the increasing number of 'day-trippers' resulted in some loss of the true touring spirit. After 1964 there was an interval of seven seasons without a tour.

Since 1972 the venue has again been Devon; the change of scene and season (from August to May) did not deceive the weather and the first two years were marred by rain. However, third time was lucky and last season four games out of five were played, including a return to Torquay after 25 years where the Club's previous visit is still remembered. Currently the playing strength is lower than in the past, but touring spirits remain high and all who take part will agree with the words of R. C. Robertson-Glasgow when he wrote "no-one who has not been on a cricket tour, however humble, has tasted the full felicity of the game".

That Was The Week That Was.

Since the Club was established at Sidmouth Road the annual Cricket Week has been a more consistent feature of the season than the Tour, being interrupted only by the two World Wars. Pre-1914 the week was held towards the end of June, but records have only survived for the two years '08 and '09. Reference has been made to the spate of runs in 1908 when over 3,000 were scored during the Week; the weather was less good the next year, but in the last game the Club reached an innings total of 363 - 3 against near neighbours London Scottish. In those days the finale to the Week was an al fresco concert

on the Saturday evening.

Between the Wars the fixture list for the Week was usually a strong one and the Friday game, when strawberries and cream were provided for tea, was always against M.C.C. This match was frequently closely contested and often high-scoring and several well-known players appeared over the years. Typically, in 1934, M.C.C.'s total of 336 - 7 dec. included a hard hit 133 by G.L.O. Jessop (son of the 'Croucher') to which South Hampstead replied with 295 - 3. Four years previously the Club had declared at 347 - 9 (Roy Besch 160) and M.C.C. replied with 321 - 7 (P.G.T. Kingsley 115). Mention of these M.C.C. games recalls a less successful occasion when in 1906 South Hampstead were shot out for 68 by the celebrated Middlesex Australians, Albert Trott and Frank Tarrant. M.C.C. won by 200 runs.

Given fine weather the Week often produced a feast of runs, as in 1933 when, batting first on the first three days the Club recorded 413 - 5, 384 - 4 and 373 - 8. It was in these three matches that Bill Western had successive innings of 135, 101, and 114, followed by 64 on the Thursday.

The 1938 Week was a replica of 1908 with an aggregate of over 3,000 runs. Remarkably, one man played against the Club in both these Weeks. In 1908 he contributed 24 and a stumping, while thirty years later he took 4 - 33 and, batting at No.10, helped to add 121 for the last two wickets. That man was "Todger" Woodward, of Brondesbury.

The Week was resumed in 1945 and the following

two years were notable for some outstanding bowling by Maurice Farara. In 1946 the weather allowed only three games to be played and Maurice took 18 of the 28 wickets that fell, including 8 - 36 against a strong Ching-Hoppers side. Against M.P. Farr's XI in the next season his 8 - 29 included a hat trick, all bowled, and his total haul from four games was 29 at a cost of 8.3 each.

In 1948 for the first time in Cricket Week matches were played against Stoics, The Wanderers and M.C.C. The Wanderers opening attack was Alf Gover and Giles Baring and the latter returned figures of 17.4 - 8 - 17 - 5. The '49 Week produced fine victories over The Wanderers and Middlesex Club and Ground. It was The Wanderers first defeat of the season; the Club and Ground, fielding six first class players including Leslie Compton and Alec Thompson, were defeated by 7 wickets, thanks to an opening stand of 114 by Bill Western and Herbert Wallach and 100 in the last 50 minutes by Norman Robertson and Allan Farara.

In the years that followed Cricket Week continued to provide exciting cricket and some fine individual performances. In 1951 Ray Illingworth hit 147* for the Adastrians and Chris Dodd established a new Club wicket keeping record with seven victims against Caterpillars (st.5, c.2) after Norman Cooper and Norman Robertson had opened the bowling; in '52 Bruce Tutton took 9 - 52 against Ching-hoppers. Amongst the exciting finishes were The Wanderers game in '56 when with five wanted off the last ball John Weale had a mighty swing and the ball went for four byes to level the scores at 250 apiece; and in

1966 when against both 63 Club and The Wanderers the Club won off the last ball.

In the last decade the Week has featured a 6 - a - side Tournament sponsored by the Willesden and Brent Chronicle and the evening entertainments have also included barbecues and matches against the Ladies. While these social events have helped to maintain the Cricket Week atmosphere, latterly the increase in other mid-week cricket has led to some decline in the playing strength of Club sides and opponents. It is to be hoped that this decline will be arrested before it is too late for it would be a sad day if Cricket Week ever disappeared from the Club calendar.

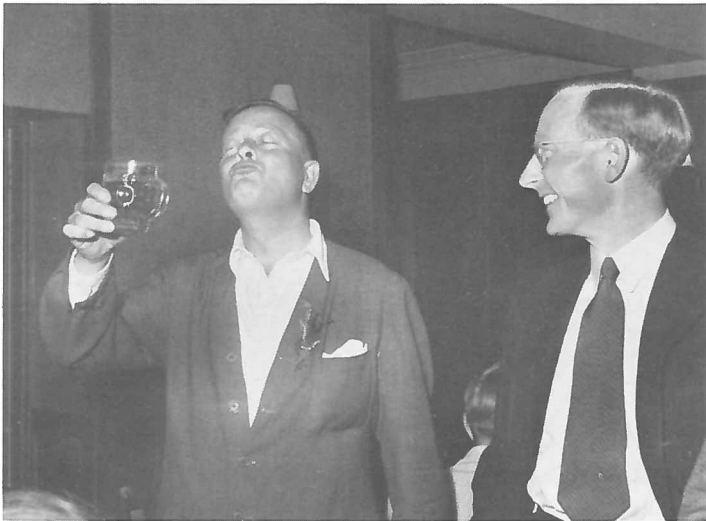
THE OLD PAVILION

A refreshment interval for some of the working party

CLEARING OUT THE PAVILION SPRING 1966 PRIOR TO DEMOLITION

l. to r. Harry Collins, Bruce Tutton, Bob Peach, Jack Wilson, Stan Richards, Florrie Brooman, Norman Robertson





Hubert approves of Devon Ale



A party at Plymouth: Harry Collins, Hubert Brooman, Ken Fletcher, Marion Morrish, Jack Barnard, Henry Malcolm, Norman Robertson.

Memorabilia

In the course of a hundred years Club teams have visited innumerable grounds in the Home Counties, but the interesting incidents seem to be associated with only a few of these grounds. To stimulate the memory here are cameos from some of them.

Remember the game at ?

. Beaconsfield

in 1948 when Allan Farara hit the six into the bus and Maurice Farara, with 4 wanted to win, advised the in-coming Ted Shepherd "let's not go mad, we'll get them in ones and twos" and promptly hit Don Roberts over the trees for six.

in 1956 when the team interpreted Henry Malcolm's tea time strategy so exactly that Beaconsfield, chasing 117 in two hours, were 52 - 2 after 78 minutes and all out 99, succumbing to the leg spin of Roy Phipps in an endeavour to catch up.

. Brondesbury

in 1947 when Henry Malcolm, on winning the toss, put his team in to bat in the order of their arrival at the ground and one result was the Club's record 9th. wicket partnership, between Allan Farara and Norman Robertson. The innings closed with Norman incurring Maurice Farara's wrath for getting out before the end of the signalled last over.

in 1965 when Brondesbury, chasing 211, were dismissed for 70 and Don Wallis, who came on at 52 - 5 had the remarkable analysis of 4.5 - 3.5 - 1 - 5.

in 1971 when the fielding of the 1st. XI reached an all time low after the first ever Summer Ball.

. Dulwich

in 1951 when Henry Malcolm arrived at tea time from a CCC game having scuttled the Navy with 11 wickets for 41 and was greeted by Bill Western with: "Which Navy? Swiss?". Bill went on to score 104* in a 9 wicket victory.

in 1962 when Dulwich declared at 127 - 7 off 43 overs, the Club got them off 26 and Len Stubbs, showing what he might have done for Hampshire, finished the game with three 4's and a 6 off five balls.

in 1964 when after seven catches had been dropped off his bowling Don Wallis finished with 7 - 71.

. Ealing

in 1938 when on a very hot August Saturday Ealing's Tommy Thompson bowled unchanged for 21 overs taking 7 - 81 and they went on to win by 6 wickets.

in 1940 when Ealing dismissed the Club for 76 (Tommy Thompson 6-32) and still lost. Henry Malcolm (7-26) and Len Berry (3-10) bowled them out in 11 overs for 38.

. High Wycombe

in 1950 when skipper John Jackson scored 102 in his team's 186 - 4 reply to the Club's 258 - 4 dec. (Henry Malcolm 111*

in 1954 when it happened again; John Jackson carried his bat for 125* and Henry after congratulating him at tea, went out and scored an equally good 116* in the Club's last over win.

in 1956 when the clock "lost" ten minutes during their innings and Bill Western's blinding slip catch and immediate pocketing of the ball had David Johns rooted to the spot in utter disbelief.

in 1967 when Don Wallis joined Terry Cordaroy at 90 - 8 and survived for 68 minutes while Terry went from 50 to 100 and the innings to 156 - 8 dec.

. O.M.T's.

in 1965 when a strong Club side crashed to 41, their lowest total since the War, including a last wicket stand of 9 between Don Wallis and Roy Phipps, which equalled the opening stand between Terry Cordaroy and Bob Peach.

in 1967 when the wedding reception on the lawn behind the sight screen added nothing to the batsmen's concentration.

..... Maidenhead and Bray

in 1953 when the Club turned up for the usual 12 o'clock start to find the home side laying a new water main and not reckoning to start until 1.30.

in 1957 when the scorer turned up for a 1.30 start with the kit of five players to find that the game had begun at 12 o'clock with South Hampstead in the field.

in 1971 when Terry Cordaroy and Ron Hooker put on 162 in two hours for the second wicket to lay the foundations for an eight wicket victory.

in 1973 when Terry and Ron, carrying on where they left off, put on 94 in just over an hour and Terry's undefeated 116 included sixteen 4's and a 6.

..... Reading

in 1969 when the Club's 4th wicket fell with 7 wanted to win in ten minutes and the lower order batsmen heading for the showers. Terry Cordaroy, stranded at the non-striker's end, watched helplessly as three more wickets fell for the addition of a no-ball to the score. Ian Jerman, forcibly removed from the showers and re-dressed, failed to score off the last two balls of a final over which had lasted for over eight minutes and the Club had to settle for a draw.

..... Shepherds Bush

in 1951 when Don Wallis appeared for the first time in the 1st. XI and the groundsman Neil (ex-South Hampstead) succeeded in mopping up after a lunchtime storm to enable the game to be resumed after tea.

in 1970 when with their Australian opening bowler in full command, Bill Hart went in at 88-6 and took 14, 14 and 7 off him in successive overs.

..... Wembley

in 1974 when the batting of Colin Price and Terry Cordaroy ensured a 9 wicket victory but not before Don Wallis had been halted in mid stride by the blast from a pop group rehearsing in the Wasps pavilion next door.

Finally a cameo from "Headquarters" (no — not the Wills Final).

in 1950 when against Cross Arrows on the main table Douglas Malcolm appeared from the Nursery End to open the innings, dragged the first ball from a young Freddie Titmus on to his wicket and, with the minimum interruption, continued on his way to the pavilion.

Nine off one ball

Eric Stephens

The scene is a mid season Saturday fixture in 1969 against Harrodian — a colourful game long since sacrificed for the glories and traumas of the League. Harrodian were a side of West Indians and they played their cricket with all the vigour and enthusiasm of those Islands. When Ron Smith joined me at the wicket at 181-8 (Harry Baylis 92), I was on 47 and skipper Bob Denley was anxious to declare. During the indicated last over I collected only two singles and Bob, possibly affected by the sun, allowed me an extra over. At a hasty mid-wicket conference Ron and I decided on a stolen single and after a gentle push to deep mid-on we set off. However the fielder came charging in and hurled the ball at the batting end, missing stumps and wicket keeper. The ball whizzed down to the vacant third man position and came to rest a few feet inside the boundary. The skipper proceeded to admonish his erring fielder in his native tongue before retrieving the ball by which time Ron and I were completing our fourth run. The return to the wicket was fielded on the half volley by extra cover. We are now on our fifth run, extra cover, clearly intent on putting a stop to all this nonsense, aims at the stumps — and misses. Result, five runs completed, four overthrows, innings declared with nine off the last ball and Stephens not out 58.

The Game of the Season

Bob Cozens

When one looks back into the past there are many matches which are memorable in one way or another. For example one remembers Bill Hart taking a hat trick with the last three balls of the day to win a game against our old rivals Hornsey. However, the 2nd. XI League match against Ealing at the end of the 1973 season must rank as one of the most interesting and exciting in the Club's recent history. It is a game which I am certain will not be forgotten by any of the participants and in my first year as captain of a Club side it was certainly an exhilarating way to finish the season.

Before the last game, Ealing headed the field with 112 points, we had 110 and Hornsey were tucked in behind with 102. With 10 points for a win and 4 for the better scoring rate in a drawn game all was still to play for, but no-one envisaged that by the time stumps were drawn in fading light the League Rules would have to be amended in order to decide the eventual League Champions.

So the stage was well and truly set for the duel which was to decide the championship. It was a pleasant day when we arrived at Corfton Road, and after the usual chat and knock-up I went to the wicket with the Ealing skipper, Sam Kelso, to toss up. It was a toss that I was hoping I might lose, but I called correctly and confidently decided to bat. After a somewhat cautious start and the early loss of Steve Thompson runs began to come at an ever increasing rate with all the batsmen in their turn keeping the scorers busy. The pick of the batsmen was Alf Langley, who may be described as a Caribbean mountain and who, on this day, overcame his sometimes

lethargic manner to turn from mountain into volcano, erupting with a series of powerful blows to all parts of the ground. This all round batting success enabled me to declare after 46 overs at 213-4 with the hope that our bowlers could do as well as our batsmen.

After tea the weather looked a trifle threatening as we took the field and our first objective was to bowl the necessary 20 overs for the result to count as a drawn game. Ealing started well enough and we suffered from our usual fault, keeping the batsmen reasonably quiet, but lacking penetration. The first wicket eventually fell to a run out and this relieved some of the pressure. A second wicket soon fell when the other opener spooned a rank long hop (which I must admit to bowling myself) to square leg and we were back in the hunt. The Ealing No.3 caused us some anxiety when he hit three fours in quick succession but then he too was caught. The threatening rain did not arrive and with reasonably tight bowling Ealing still needed 120 runs with 7 wickets in hand when the statutory last 20 overs began. Ealing continued with lusty blows from time to time not always in the intended direction, which was understandable with the light by this time hardly at its best. With four overs left they needed 24 runs to win with 5 wickets in hand in light which would have been more appropriate to a searchlight tattoo than to a cricket match, which at 7.35 in the first week in September was hardly surprising. By this time the bush telegraph had informed Milverton Road of the situation and we learnt that a ball-by-ball commentary was being relayed over an open telephone line.

Bill Hart had the honour of bowling the next over. The first three balls all went for four: a slog over mid-on, a mistimed slog over the wicket keeper's head and another over mid-wicket. 14 came off the over, which also included a run out. So 10 were needed in three overs with 4 wickets intact. With one of Ealing's batsmen now in the 80's, this looked fairly simple, but the next two overs were tight and the last arrived with 5 runs still needed to win. I took it upon myself to bowl the last over. Ealing No.8 fell lbw to the first ball, the new man missed the next and the one after that yielded a leg bye. 2 runs from the next two balls, then Ealing wanted 2 to win off the last delivery. The ball was played just past silly mid-off and a single was scampered to level the scores. When we looked at the score books to calculate the scoring rates we found that the teams had bowled exactly the same number of overs.

No-one could decide how the points were to be divided, but after a hurried meeting the League Committee decided to award 3 points apiece. So Ealing became League Champions, 2 points ahead of us, with Hornsey, who had won their last game, just one point behind us. It was a great disappointment after we had come so close but there's always next year!

Some early memories

Roy C. F. Besch

I first set foot on the turf of the Sidmouth Road ground in 1904, as a small schoolboy from Sunbury House. This was a preparatory school in a fine house in Willesden Lane (now demolished alas), the headmaster of which was E. H. Dove, who kept wicket for South Hampstead 2nd. XI; the school was the nursery for many recruits to the Club. We were marched up to the ground every afternoon in the summer term, and played on a pitch running parallel to and about thirty yards from the sight screen at the Sidmouth Road end. (A similar arrangement operated up to 1939. Ed.)

In those days the whole scene was very different. There were no houses in Sidmouth Road, and where Milverton Road is now it was all fields; in fact no houses could be seen anywhere except for a few in Brondesbury Park. Climbing the fence behind the pavilion one found oneself in a field of many acres and about half a mile away there was a similar fence enclosing another famous old cricket ground, the London Scottish C.C. It was in this peaceful and almost countryside atmosphere that we boys revelled in the spirit of cricket. During the summers up to about 1909 we used to meet on the ground after school and begin to get the game into our blood. We made friends with the groundsman, Hawksworth, an old Hertfordshire professional, who was usually leading the horse pulling mower, or roller. The horse wore large leather shoes and was housed in a rough stable behind the pavilion; the only other structure being a primitive latrine.

Illegally, we practised at the nets until the senior members arrived, whereupon we made ourselves scarce and persuaded Hawksworth to open the bar to provide us with ginger beer and Gari-baldi biscuits. When the members took possession

of the nets we fielded for them and very occasionally were allowed to bowl. Gradually out of this rather unofficial nursery the South Hampstead Junior Club was formed — and what a galaxy of talent there was! Percy Brooman, the Sherwells and a young man named Greville Stevens — to name but a few that I remember. As older members will know, Percy Brooman became one of the most stylish cricketers, technically and sartorially, ever to play for the Club. The Sherwells almost deserve a chapter to themselves, and it is sad to think that the name is gradually fading from memory. The family, having come from South Africa, lived in a large house in Willesden Lane. “Pa” Sherwell, as he was known, was a dapper little man with a small beard, who had fathered eight sons, Percy, Yeo, Gerald, Spenser, Oggie, Ferdie, Rex and Noel. Of these Percy was, of course, the best known, as he was captain of South Africa, although I do not remember ever having seen him on the South Hampstead ground. (In fact Percy played for the Club during 1900 - 01 and figured in the Club’s highest 2nd. wicket partnership of 251, against Uxbridge, in June 1900. Ed.) Of Yeo I know nothing. Gerald became a Wimbledon tennis star. Spenser and Oggie were playing for the Club around 1910 - 11, and were both splendid (I almost said first class) cricketers. Ferdie and Rex, both at Tonbridge School, played for the Juniors in my time, and I have no hesitation in saying that had they lived, they would have played for England. Sadly they were both killed in the 1914 - 18 War. At this period Noel was a toddler, usually with a cricket ball somewhere near him, and being carefully trained by his elder brothers. As we know, he eventually kept wicket for Cambridge and Middlesex. (Noel was awarded his Blue in 1923 at the same time as Ronnie Aird. He was killed while ski-ing in Switzerland in 1960. Ed.)

The outstanding feature of the Sherwells was that they were so obviously natural cricketers; it was in their blood.

If anyone had visited the ground on any summer evening, at this time, they would have seen a slight fair-haired boy, fully padded and gloved, being bowled at by his father, who trained him, managed him, exhorted him (and sometimes lost his temper) until we all thought the boy would have become sickened by the daily grind. As a concession, his father allowed him to play for the Juniors from time to time, and we never had a more correct player. This was G.T.S. Stevens, who at University College School, in Hampstead, made a record score of over 300 and later went on to Oxford, Middlesex and England.

The Juniors also has several members from Brondesbury High School and Haberdashers. (Another association which survived for many years. Ed.)

On Saturdays I accompanied my father, J.G.Q. Besch, (who had migrated from Hampstead C.C.) to the matches, both home and away. Having my own score book I soon became acquainted with some of the senior members; personalities such as Couchman, H.W. Brooman, C.L. Barrett, H. Bamford, Charlie Lane, Gilliard, Hanwell and Tew are still fresh in my memory. I, and other Juniors, always lived in the hope that someone would not turn up, so that we should be called up to fill the gap, even if it meant going in last!

In the M.C.C. matches — played on the last day of “The Week” — many famous cricketers appeared. I well remember seeing A.E. Trott, F. Tarrant and Fielder (of Kent) — such men being looked upon by us youngsters as veritable gods, but it should be

noted, to our credit, that we did not collect autographs.

In 1910 I went away to school, but in the summer holidays I spent most of my afternoons and evenings at the ground. The juniors were chosen more often for matches, chiefly with the 2nd. XI. The away matches were mostly played at Brondesbury (Avenue Farm), Neasden, Hampstead, Ealing, Hornsey, Willesden Park, Uxbridge, Pinner, Northwood and Pallingswick. The furthestmost opponents were High Wycombe, Harpenden and Woodford Wells.

A feature of the Uxbridge ground was that they always played with white stumps. The Pallingswick ground lay in the playing fields almost under the shadow of Wormwood Scrubs prison. It was a very old club with some interesting traditions. The local supporters sat around the ground on benches, and if someone scored a century they were entitled to free beer. When a batsman reached 90, there was a stir; at 95 the supporters moved towards the pavilion — and if the batsman got out before reaching his century, the disappointed locals turned, sadly, back to their benches. Brondesbury was always a “local Derby” or “blood match”. The rivalry was intense; and I often wonder how things would have gone in a limited over match.

In the evening of the last day of “The Week”, following the M.C.C. match, there was an al-fresco fete. Refreshments were served in a large marquee, the pavilion was decorated with (non-electric) fairy lights, and the evening ended with a concert in which a baritone and a soprano sang the old ballads. All very romantic!

A word about “costume” might be of interest My

earliest recollections go back to the days when a few players still wore ties and nearly everyone wore a belt or club scarf round his waist. Reggie Moore must have been one of the last players to wear a stiff fronted shirt and collar. Everyone wore blazers — and sometimes caps — while not on the field. The original Club colours were red, yellow and black, but these were changed, just before the First War, I think, to dark and light blue. The plain dark blue blazer had a light blue monogram on the pocket and caps were dark and light blue, quartered — but they were not very popular!

It may not be generally known that in the lower classes of cricket (if one may so express it) batsmen could then often be seen on the playing field of England wearing dark brown pads. “Skeleton” pads were almost universally common in first class cricket and were, of course, eminently suitable, being very light and efficient. The “solid” pads were only just coming into fashion before 1914 and were usually made of coarse canvas. Some “skeletons” survived into the 1920’s. Thigh pads had not been invented, of course; we of the old school had been taught to play the ball with our bat and to be ashamed if the ball hit us on the leg, but then the present ugly trend of leg-side play was not envisaged. LBW stood for leg before wicket and that was that.

Cricket bags, in the early days, were usually made of canvas, either green, brown or red, and leather ones were a kind of status symbol, confined to the rich. It should be remembered that we all carried our own bags, say from Willesden Green Station, or from the nearest station to grounds elsewhere, and thought nothing of it. There were no cars or taxis in the very early days, so we had plenty of

exercise before, and after, each match.

Between 1912 and 1914, after leaving school, I played fairly regularly for the “Seniors” in company with some of those I have already mentioned, and also with R. A. Riches (from the old Paddington Club), Arthur Courtney, Charlie and Jack Thornhill, Reggie Moore, Fred Cockerill (who married Queenie Leighton, the music hall star), the Sherwells, Lionel Gilliard, Percy Brooman and his brothers Hubert and Bob, Doughty, Hine, Hughman and the two Barretts (sons of C.L.B.). There were, of course, many others whose names appear in the records of the period just before the First War.

And so the fateful summer of 1914 came, and at the outbreak of war all the young men hurried off to take part in a more serious game. August 1914 marked the end of an epoch after which nothing was ever quite the same — except perhaps cricket, which after four seasons’ struggle began again normally in 1919, albeit alas with sadly depleted ranks.

Thirty Seven Summers

Reg Fardon

It is rather a daunting thought that thirty seven summers have passed since I first visited Milverton Road to watch South Hampstead. I have been described as a rather unusual member in that after joining the Club at a very early age and playing for them for fourteen years, I left to play for my firm for the next fourteen seasons and then returned to the fold to see out my playing days. While I was playing elsewhere I maintained my connection with the Club as its only associate member.

This article aims to recall how I, as an average playing member, saw some of the characters and events of thirty-odd years. My recollections are mainly of the years 1937 - 53, closing with a brief look at the current scene and the changes which have taken place during my membership.

I am not sure how my father found South Hampstead Cricket Club, but one hot Sunday afternoon in 1937 we took a 52 bus from our Kingsbury home, alighting at Sidmouth Road, to watch, as my father put it, "some top class club cricket". He also took me to see New Zealand playing in the Oval Test that year. I must have seen the young Denis Compton in his first Test, but my only recollection is of some superb cover fielding by England's captain, R.W.V. Robins. During 1938 my Saturdays were mostly spent at Lords, but I was present at the Oval on that historic occasion in August when Len Hutton took 364 off the Aussies.

On Kenton Rec. every evening until it was too dark to see, I tried to bowl like Bill O'Reilly; the matches were of five evenings duration and declaration was expected by Wednesdays at the latest. One budding Bradman from my school was

still batting late on Thursday, with 300-odd to his name, refusing to retire; the fielders rebelled and ducked him in the nearby boating pool. Sunday afternoons would find me cycling up Neasden Lane and over Dollis Hill early enough to get a seat on the wooden benches around the South Hampstead ground, where on a sunny day the crowd, numbering several hundreds, would spill over on to the grass.

It was a tall fast bowler, Tony Millachip, who only briefly appeared on the 1st. XI scene, who was responsible for my joining the Club in April 1939. To my astonishment he somehow knew of my sister and perhaps his encouragement of her kid brother was a means of getting to know her better. His appearance soon afterwards at dinner at our house was to me akin to entertaining Larwood, particularly as the national press had just mentioned his performance on the Club tour — six Sussex Martlet wickets, including County players.

Soon afterwards Tony introduced me to the Club, and surviving a pretty thorough vetting I was accepted as a junior member at the then tender age of fourteen years and eight months. For most of that summer I was scoring when required, helping to lay teas, taking round the box and generally trying to be useful, and practising hard in the nets to improve my somewhat erratic bowling. I clearly remember my first game, for the 3rd. XI at Winchmore Hill. At 70 - 9 I went in to join Gordon Hibbert. To my fifteen-year-old eyes Gordon appeared very old, bald and slow, but we managed to scramble fifteen valuable runs and my first knock for the Club was 7 n.o. Later I remember Gordon (who was to become Henry Malcolm's father-in-law) as one of those

senior members who would regularly turn out during the early war years to make up the eleven.

At the outbreak of war, players departed one by one for the Forces and as a consequence I was able to play more cricket and against better players than my ability would normally have justified. The loss of more and more players to the forces meant that the Club could only field one eleven and even this was only possible with the aid of some Brondesbury members, whose club had temporarily closed down. Amongst those were Peter Wreford, one of the most prolific batsmen in club cricket and Todge Woodward, a crafty cricketer of the old school. Many clubs kept going by merging in a similar way. Many a retired cricketer took his flannels out of moth balls and oiled his bat with relish at the prospect of padding up once again.

Until the time for my own call-up at the end of 1942 I enjoyed three seasons in which I gained experience playing against some great club cricketers and county professionals who came to the Club with such sides as the British Empire XI, London Counties XI, London Fire Force and Civil Defence. A few of the famous names that come to mind are the New Zealanders C.S. Dempster and K.C. James; C.W. Walker, deputy keeper with the '38 Australians, sadly killed in a bombing raid only 48 hours after playing against us one hot Sunday afternoon and enjoying a convivial evening in the bar; and Paul Brooks, who also lost his life in the Blitz a few hours after playing at the Club for the London Fire Force and who had gained fame overnight as the "boy who bowled Bradman" in the nets. Others included Bertie Clarke, the West Indies

spinner; Harry Crabtree, the Essex opener; Frank Lee of Somerset and Giles Baring, the very fast Hampshire bowler.

During those days there was a hard core of devoted members who kept the social life of the Club functioning. The bar was lovingly tended by Bob Brooman, while his brother Hubert cared for the lawns and maintained an excellent vegetable garden behind the pavilion enabling us to enjoy fresh salad teas. I remember John Blake, a big, cheerful man who practically lived at the Club and certainly spent many a night sleeping there, and his corpulent friend Ossie Pipe, who had an equal capacity for beer. Many a late session was spent in the old bar during the Blitz when with most of the local residents safely tucked away in their shelters, the local air raid warden would join us and the South Hampstead pavilion would ring with laughter as Bob Brooman filled up the glasses from his wooden barrels and Ossie Pipe would tell yet another of his stories rich in humour and quick wit.

The Brooman brothers had a lifetime connection with the Club and their father was then the sole surviving founder member. During summer weekends the brothers would bring the old man up to the Club and he would watch the cricket from his chair next to the pavilion door. I remember him as a dear old man who often had a few encouraging words for me after I had been bowling, even when it was none for plenty. He was always known as "The Guv'nor" and after his death a Club bell so inscribed was hung outside the home dressing room in his memory.

The Guv'nor's three sons were all useful

cricketers and Hubert still played in the odd game in my early days. The yeoman service of Bob and Hubert was evidence of their great love for the Club yet they showed little outward affection for each other. For many years after their playing days were over, part of the weekend scene at South Hampstead was the figure of Hubert disappearing through the bottom gate as play commenced, followed by Bob about fifty yards behind. About 5 p.m. they would re-appear in the same order, a habit so ritual that I always feared dire consequences if someday something interrupted it.

All these familiar figures of my early days at the Club are now, alas, no longer with us; to me the place has never been the same without them. However, part of the scene which has not changed is the familiar sight of Audrey Hawdon wending her way to and fro between score-box and pavilion on countless grounds around London wherever the 1st. XI were playing. The hundreds of score sheets she has filled in during this time reveal a detail and accuracy which are a testimony to the not always easy art of scoring.

In 1929 there had appeared at the Club a 15-year old who was destined to become possibly the greatest all-rounder in London Club cricket; from the 30's to the 50's the South Hampstead cricket scene was dominated by this giant of a player, Henry Malcolm. Without him there would have been no regular cricket at the Club during the war years. Playing cricket was only a part of his activities; he was secretary, fixture secretary and groundsman as well. Some people still say that the table and outfield have never been better than when maintained by him. I had

first hand knowledge of his extraordinary stamina when I used to cycle up on a Sunday morning to give him a hand. There seemed to be many simmering hot weekends during 1940-41, when I arrived at 9 a.m. to find H.J.J. already perspiring freely after an hour's work preparing wickets for the following weekend. Plenty of rolling was his theory and we spent hours pulling the heavy roller up and down until the pitches glistened in the sun. On Saturday and Sunday mornings the outfield was cut and the wickets marked out. Working through until 12.30 p.m. Henry would, after a short lunch break, return to skipper the side and, if he won the toss, open the innings, often with a century or more. Having with a few assistants tidied up the wicket during the tea interval, he snatched a quick cup of tea with a brief word to his mother (i/c tea ladies) and proceeded to open the bowling with fast out-swingers off a 15-pace run. If wickets did not fall he changed his field and bowled leg spinners and googlies, often bowling out most of a side for fewer runs than he had scored himself. Liked by some, disliked by others, not understood by many, Henry was nevertheless acknowledged by all to have no peer as a cricketer at club level. At times his brusque manner could be disconcerting to young players, while at other times, by contrast, he made everyone feel relaxed and happy whichever way the game was going. He had a rich humour when it surfaced and on post war Devon tours would often bring the house down with his action stories of players and games. He lived for cricket and was so honest towards the game and all who played for him that every player deep down respected and admired him and made allowances for his "black looks" and changes of mood.

Henry's technique, application and concentration were such that, had he regularly played first class cricket, he could have played for England. To have played a fair bit of cricket in his company is a privilege and experience which I shall always cherish. Henry was a master in the art of beating the out-stretched hand and running fielder; the delicate nudge for four just wide of square leg, the on-drive just wide enough to beat a straining mid-on, the cover drive exactly timed and placed to beat the quickest cover point, the finest of leg glances and the latest of late cuts sending third man on a futile boundary chase. He was simply referred to as "The Master" and for twenty years he lived up to the title.

During the war South Hampstead was sometimes known as "The Malcolm Club" for besides Henry his parents helped enormously in the work of running the Club and brothers Douglas and Allen when on leave assisted on the ground and played fine cricket. Mrs. Malcolm must have been very proud of the three of them and was a kindly and delightful person; whenever I proffered my shilling tea money she would push it back into my hand saying "don't worry about that, you go out and watch Henry bat (or bowl) and learn all you can from him because he's a very good player". Allen, more modest in build than his elder brothers, was a very fit chap, a most useful medium pacer and an attractive batsman. This could not be said of Douglas, but his method made him difficult to dismiss. Huge, hairy and craggy (befitting the hard Rugby forward so well known to Wasps supporters) he played right over the top of the ball with everything behind it and his pushing and stabbing stroke play brought a consistent tally of runs

season after season. Douglas had enormous hands and despite spending most of his hours of fielding around the slip/gully area in earnest conversation with near neighbours he rarely spilled a chance.

The war took several seasons from the prime of most of the 1939 1st. XI and prematurely terminated the careers of some others. Big John Lear, partner in many an opening stand with Henry, and Teddy Hart that fine wicket keeper and lively bat, played only a few more games for the Club. Lear, who seemed to me too old for 1st. XI cricket, was an easy, lazy-looking left-hand batsman who always seemed to have oceans of time to play any ball. I also witnessed the last stages in the wonderful career of Charlie Higgins, a great master of late swing and cut. He collected a bagful of the best wickets every season during the thirties; his deliveries came from a beautifully controlled action, while his on-the-spot length and direction seldom varied. One of the great characters of his time, Charlie would sit on his stool at the side of the Club bar supping his beer and talking cricket politics with anyone prepared to listen until Bob Brooman chucked them out.

About this time there appeared briefly on the scene an influx of young players awaiting call-up. I particularly recall two pairs of brothers, Alan and Ray King, and Keith and Ivor Olley, all useful players, with perhaps Alan, a batsman/wicket keeper, the most promising. Alas, both Alan and Ivor were later to lose their lives while serving in the Navy.

So the dreary war years came to an end and the lights began to shine again in houses, shops and

streets, the pubs and clubs. Members gradually returned from the Forces, there were many new faces around and a lot of work to be done by the new officers and committee to build up the Club again. In May 1946 I was demobbed from the Navy, having played no cricket for three seasons and feeling apprehensive about returning to the Club, so full of good cricketers. I wrote to Henry saying that I thought it would be advisable for me to join a lesser club at least for a season or two; the kind but firm reply stilled my fears and in fact was almost a royal command to return to South Hampstead at the earliest opportunity.

There followed for me eight very happy seasons, starting as a wild slinger in the 3rd. XI, but slowly developing into a reasonable bowler, under the coaching of Henry and others in the nets. It was around this time that Henry and his vice-captain, Norman Robertson, first organised nets for young colts on Friday evenings. In years to come the Club was to gain great benefit from this scheme and many of the colts developed into regular 1st. XI players, whilst Ron Hooker had fourteen seasons with the Middlesex County side. Among those who emerged from the Colts were Roy Phipps, John Weale, the Tutton brothers and Don Wallis all of whom gave good cricket and service to the Club. In addition to his Colts activities, Henry also coached a group of younger Club members and we all learnt a good deal and improved our own play as a result of his logical and enlightening methods.

It was a lot of fun playing for the 3rd. XI, with players from all age groups, and we had an advantage over other XI's in mustering at least

SOUTH HAMPSTEAD C.C. circa 1912

Left to right.

Back row: ? , W.P. Brooman, ? , R.E. Adair, H.W. Brooman, J.S. Buckingham.

Middle row: L.P. Gilliard, J.T. Watson, G.H. Bamford, A.E. Hill, C.F. Barrett.

Front row: R.H. Moore, E.C. Lane, C. Thornhill, C. Elston.



1st. XI 1921

Standing l. to r. Umpire, L. Abelson, A.A. Tyer, R.C.F. Besch, E.A. Jefcoate, A. Courtney, R.W. Moore, A.C. Barrett.

Sitting l. to r. W. Bramall, W.P. Brooman, R.E. Adair, C. Pinkham (capt), H. Kent, F.C. Cockerill, J.G.Q. Besch.





1st. XI 1926

Standing l. to r. Goodyer (umpire), E.A. Jefcoate, F.C. Wallach, R.C.F. Besch, E.B. Jones, S.C.W. Hearne, G.C. Melliush

Sitting l. to r. H.L. Wallach, H.N. Moss (vice-capt.), W.S. Gwynn (capt.), H.B. Brooman, C. Pinkham.



1st. XI 1933

Standing l. to r. H. W. Brooman (joint Hon. Sec.), C.F. Higgins, E.H. Hart, H.J.J. Malcolm, H.G. Watkins, H.B. Brooman, W.T. Western, B. Dray (umpire), T. Coville (groundsman).

Middle row F.W. Rayner, H.L. Wallach, A.J. Delcomyn (capt.), F.R. Brooman, K. Moore.

In front A.R. Malcolm (scorer)

three cars to help with our often far away trips. Usually there were very early starts and a lot of bag-lugging for all-day away games; present day players often take for granted a lift by car not always appreciating their good fortune in being taken to and from away matches. Dear old Ossie Pipe would cram bodies into his big Austin and his friend and our umpire, Harry Lewis, would follow with his old Ford creaking and groaning under the weight of a full load. The trips back from games, most of which seemed to be south of the Thames, were routed and timed by Ossie to include calls at various hostelrys and the arrival of the 3rd. XI back at the Club just before closing time would bring forth a string of adjectives from Bob Brooman. However, having given vent to his feelings, Bob would soon be pacified by Ossie and the jugs would appear, to be freely dispensed around the bar.

It was about this time that the new generation of Higgin's appeared on the scene in the persons of Ken and his cousins Donald and Robert. It was difficult to keep track of their exact relationships but the Willesden area and the Club would have been short of milk and dairy produce without their string of delivery floats. Our skipper in those happy and carefree days was Jack Tigg, who was Club secretary for some years. While only of average cricketing ability, his pleasant and cheerful disposition was his greatest asset in harnessing our mixture of talents. It was sometime in 1947 that something suddenly clicked in my run-up and wickets began to come my way each week-end. My confidence increased and instead of panicking when my bowling was hit, I thought instead in terms of remedies.

So in 1948 I graduated into the 2nd. XI under

Leslie "Jumbo" Whale. Jumbo was a beefy cheerful soul, skippering a talented side, which soon developed into a better balanced team than the 1st. XI. He had a gift of imparting confidence to the nervous player and of tactfully removing the excess from those who had too much. The overall result was a happy and successful team, with consistency in the batting and bowling to suit any type of wicket. There were no outstanding stars, but every member had his part to play and the side played good attacking cricket. For me personally this period was the most satisfactory and enjoyable in my cricket career. Opening the bowling regularly each week it was entirely up to me how long I stayed on. Both I and my fellow opener, Ralph McGillivray (a powerfully built and much under-rated bowler) were under the same threat of being taken off in favour of Tom McCorkindale. With his ungainly action and great splayed feet heavily pounding the turf, Tom was a real work horse, his length always spot-on and the ball rarely off target.

Our vice captain at this time was Eddie Watkins, elder brother of Gilbert who had thrilled pre-war 1st. XI supporters with his great fielding and fine batting. Eddie was a cheerful soul who did an immense amount of administrative work for the Club. Nicknamed "The Croucher" because of his stance, Eddie would prod away without scoring for a considerable time, then suddenly unleash himself to send the ball high, wide and handsome out of the ground. Many of his innings consisted of strings of singles interspersed with sixes, and rumour had it that the spells of crouching relaxation were necessary for him to recover sufficiently to lift his heavy old bat and hit the next six. Later Eric Haywood came into our side from the

1st. XI. He bowled at the pace of a brisk off-spinner but held the ball as for cut and swing and was an artist at both on a hard fast wicket. With the ability to make the ball whip through off the pitch his several variations were from an apparently unchanged action; the unusual swing of the arm almost behind his head at delivery made Eric a unique bowler. "The Colonel" as he was often called, was also a more than useful bat and a good gully field. My lasting recollection of Eric is when Ralph McGillivray or I strayed off target with the new ball; seeing his precious shine going to waste, he would shout from gully "Use the bloody thing, you'll have to bowl with sense instead of pace one day, you young b -----!".

Two larger than life characters were Harry Collins and Dickie Bird. Harry, who has done so much in the service of the Club and helped many of his friends in time of trouble or bereavement, became a valued wicket keeper in the 2nd. XI and only recently retired, giving best to the often wild, strong arm tactics of the young 3rd. XI players. To be run over by a bus at an early age and lose your right leg is perhaps not the best start for a budding cricketer. Yet that is just what happened to that remarkable person, Dickie Bird, who scored so many runs for the 2nd. XI. His powerful hooking and pulling were achieved by pivoting on a peg leg which on the field replaced his artificial foot. His late and square cutting were likewise vicious on a hard wicket and it was amazing how quickly he moved about the field albeit with a few squeaks and rattles. He survived many a confident lbw appeal when he got a "touch" with his wooden leg. His sense of humour, amusing stories and infectious laugh

endeared him to all and it is sad to hear of his illness in recent years.

Year after year the 2nd. XI's most consistent run scorer was Jack Wilson, whose career at South Hampstead spanned over thirty five years. He was a most dedicated batsman and full of determination would graft away at No.3 often contributing over half the total score. Jack could also bowl some useful overs when required. Another batsman who played many fine innings was Frank Sharman, a more attractive batsman, but one whose early promise was never quite fulfilled.

Around 1950 we found a very important person in our midst when Herbert Wallach came down from the senior XI. After a distinguished career including pre-war captaincy of the Club, he was now a legendary figure in club cricket with his M.C.C. tie supporting his flannels around an ample waistline. Not a classic player, Herbert nevertheless scored thousands of runs with his slashing left handed batting which sent the ball sizzling through slips and gully; even his cover drive was often fielded by wide third man. A great character, Herbert would play all the cricket possible, whilst his work for and generosity to the Club over so many years have secured for him a place of the highest honour in its history. It is entirely fitting that he should be our President of over twenty five years' standing in our Centenary Year.

Dougie Pragnell who almost unnoticed climbed the ladder into the 1st. XI, after a few seasons as quietly stepped down and scored prolifically for the 2nd's. A loyal and

reliable Club member, he always enjoyed his cricket and in recent years has happily contributed his experience and still useful batting to the 3rd. XI. Another in the same mould was Sid Dunstone, skipper of the 1st. XI in 1940, whom religious scruples made a Saturdays only player. With a very upright stance, reminiscent of W. G. Grace, he was a difficult chap to restrain when his eye was in.

The good humour and spirit of the 2nd. XI players was reinforced by an entourage of wives and girl friends who all got along well together, and our scorer, Ernie, was a remarkable type who faithfully accompanied us everywhere in all weathers at weekends, spending the rest of his week on race-courses up and down the country "earning an honest bob or two for beer money" as he put it. Umpire Smith completed the party, a quick moving, alert man highly regarded in Minor Counties circles, who would always arrive half an hour before the start complete with attache case containing all the equipment relative to the art of umpiring.

Digressing for a moment to officials generally the Club has been fortunate in having efficient umpires and scorers, albeit in short supply. The name of Stan Richards, who stood for the 1st. XI for so many seasons, was famous throughout London Club cricket. As Henry was "The Master" in playing, so Stan was "The Master" in umpiring. His knowledge of the laws was profound, and equally important was his unbiassed interpretation of them on the field. He was a fascinating talker on the game over a beer in the bar and his successors benefitted greatly from his advice and experience. Our

present 1st. XI umpire, Rhys Axworthy, is a worthy successor to Stan, resembling him in actions and methods, and another interesting debater on the game of cricket as seen by the umpire.

Returning to my own cricket career I was now achieving some success with my bowling, but the chance of a regular place in the 1st. XI seemed slim. The way was blocked by a very pleasant fellow with a bounding run and fine action, Len Berry, who was part of the 1st. XI establishment. However I did have a few games with the 1st. in the early 50's, but away from the security of the 2nd's my confidence drained away and I recall one torrid experience in an all day game at Melden Wanderers. Their opening bat, Vic Ransom, who played quite a bit for Hampshire, proceeded to plant the new red cherry in the tennis courts three times in my first three overs, together with sundry fours in various directions. Promptly despatched by Henry to deep fine leg, I was partially able to hide under a large oak tree, though really needing a deep hole. Len Berry also suffered and when lunch arrived Vic was 123 n.o. It was a tremendous innings and he was kind enough to buy me a drink in the interval, almost apologising for his harsh treatment. Playing for the 1st. XI was very different from the relaxed atmosphere of the 2nd's. The game was on a different plane, needing much more concentration and causing personal tension in case things went wrong.

Besides Vic Ransom I recall other top class opponents. Dulwich had a great left hand batsman in David Finch and all-rounder Allen

Shirreff, who played for Combined Services and Kent. With UCS Old Boys came Tim Moran and the Allen brothers, Len and Bertie. Tim was a crafty spin bowler with an off-putting twitch of the head, Len a fast whippy bowler and Bernie, at that time their skipper, a fine batsman/wicket keeper. One of the great all-rounders on the circuit was Bob Talbot of Shepherds Bush, a brisk hit-the-deck bowler and a batsman who could take a side apart. For fast late-swing bowling few were better than L. B. "Tommy" Thompson and with the spin of Eddie Ingram at the other end, Ealing had two bowlers of a class rarely equalled in club cricket. It was a clash of giants when Henry played against them and although they sometimes won, more often than not Henry would gain the advantage and maybe reach his ton. This was club cricket at its best.

During these years the 1st. XI was almost too strong in batting. Usually on Saturdays Henry's team would be declaring or knocking off the runs with at most five wickets down, so on Sundays he would change the batting order to give his lower order batsmen a knock. There were several strong personalities in the team and on occasions the dressing atmosphere could get somewhat heated. At such times it was usually vice-captain Norman Robertson who managed to turn the argument and introduce a touch of humour. As a cricketer "Nosh" was a magnificent cover point, a beautiful mover to the ball with a whipping accurate throw over the stumps. When batting he was addicted to the hook and pull; in attempting these strokes the balance between runs and dismissal was sometimes a delicate one. He was a great reminiscer and deep theorist of

the game, to whom even Henry would sometimes listen attentively.

Also in that post-war team was Johnnie Woodbridge, nicknamed "The Horse" because of his strength and fitness which he ranked of paramount importance. John wanted to get on with the game with the minimum of fuss and argument and did so with gusto; his hitting was explosive, his bowling lively medium and his throw could drill a hole in you. Once in the nets he hit me back so hard that after skimming my eyebrows as I followed through, the ball disappeared into Milverton Road just above fence height at the far end of the ground, still travelling like a shell. For some years after the war I had worked at Lord's and whenever he saw me approaching Johnnie would shout out "Look out chaps, here come the Lord's express!"

There were few better straight and on drivers than Bill Western, who would also pull powerfully anything a bit short. Bill sometimes found difficulty in controlling his emotions; after an unlucky dismissal dressing room wind-ows were liable to suffer from a flying bat. He had huge hands and was a superb slip fielder, but my outstanding memory is of a catch he made at cover, to dismiss the then young Jim Parks on a cold and miserable morning. Bill could not stand cricket in very cold weather and was patrolling the covers, hands in pockets, heavily scarved and sweated. Jim Parks, playing for a National Service RAF XI, hit a scorching drive destined to clear the fence, when Bill, nonchalantly removing a hand from his pocket, plucked the ball from the air and calmly replaced hand with ball in pocket.

Jim Parks, following through, stood for a moment in utter disbelief.

Mention of that National Service RAF side recalls another young fellow who made a superb century against the Club after I had all but bowled him before he scored. He had a broad Yorkshire accent and reached his hundred by flicking me off his toes into Milverton Road. I might have felt better about this had I known I was bowling to a future England captain, Ray Illingworth.

Two other noteworthy members of that 1st. XI were the brothers Allan and Maurice Farara. Both were good all-rounders, but Allan never bowled with the consistent menace of Maurice, who was a superb, blaspheming right-arm, medium-pace cutter and off-breaker. From a deceptively easy action he really made the ball hit the deck, and could be lethal on a hard pitch with damp under the surface. Pity the fielder who, after a dropped catch, was treated to a sample of Maurice's picturesque language, likewise Stan Richards, turning down a succession of increasingly frantic appeals. Despite his flow of invective, Maurice was a great team man, prepared to give his all whatever the state of the game. He was equally good company in the bar; there was never a dull moment with him around and I consider him the best South Hampstead bowler of my time.

If Maurice was the best bowler, Norman Cooper was undoubtedly the best Club wicket keeper, in his prime one of the best in London Club cricket. It was great to bowl when Norman was behind the sticks, every movement was smooth and unhurried and his clean and efficient

taking willed you to bowl well. He was a kindly man with a great sense of humour who would go anywhere for a game and who loved to sit in the sun talking about cricket and cricketers. His untimely death left us all a great deal the poorer.

Club tours were revived after the war and I thoroughly enjoyed our visits to Devon in 1950 and '51. There was some grand cricket on beautiful grounds and we had some hilarious times in a party made up of members from all elevens.

Many pleasant winter evenings were spent in the old tea hut, to which the bar was transferred at the end of each cricket season. Ossie Pipe and his wife dispensed cheese rolls and bangers to a hard core of regulars, who were soon joined by some of the Old Uffingtonians Football Club, led by Jack "Fatty" Barnard. Fatty, though severely crippled from birth, played a very active part in the organisation of Old Uffs. football and with his net full of balls travelled everywhere with the 2nd. XI, returning in the evening to celebrate victory or drown the sorrows of defeat with many a pint of South Hampstead ale. He really put Old Uffs. back on the map after the war, but sadly did not live to see their later progress and expansion.

Another Old Uff. joined South Hampstead at that time. Ken Fletcher, who reached the top bracket in Old Boys League football, applied himself as diligently to cricket without reaching similar heights. To this day Ken still turns out for one of the Old Uffs. lower XI's and has skippered South Hampstead 3rd. XI for many

years. He has played a major role in the administrative side of both games and is currently Chairman of South Hampstead. In earlier days Ken and I both joined the Tennis Club and had a lot of fun playing winter tennis; another cricket/tennis member was Bob Marson, a natural ball game player, but one who never took any game seriously.

In 1952 my cricketing career took a new turn. For some time my firm had been anxious for me to play more regularly for them and the opportunity now arose to take over as captain of a promising youthful side. After talking over the problem with Henry, he advised me to play a few seasons with them, but continue as an Associate Member with the Club. In the event I was skipper for seven years and continued to play for them until 1966. With hindsight I regret not returning to South Hampstead earlier, but it took some time for me to pluck up courage to return to a scene full of new faces. At first it was like joining a new club, but I soon felt at home again.

The Henry Malcolm era of twenty years ago had been succeeded by the Bob Peach era, which now in its turn is drawing to a close. Bob has been a driving force on the field and in most other directions as well since my return. The 1st. XI in this time has had as many players of character and ability as those I recall from past years, but as one no longer active in 1st. XI circles, I forbear to comment and conclude with some general impressions of the Club in recent years.

During the years immediately preceding my return events of importance to the Club's history

had taken place. The ground freehold had been purchased, the outfield had been relaid and a new pavilion was finally taking shape after much controversy. The conflicting ideas on how to achieve the necessary dramatic increase in the Club's income had emphasised the generation gap and to me as an observer it seemed that emotions sometimes over-ruled logic. Many of the older generation did not take kindly to the different character of the new pavilion and social scene. The intimate, cosy cricket atmosphere of the old wooden pavilion had gone forever and with it the great ghosts of the past. But progress must come, and I believe some changes are for the better; after all the trials and tribulations the Club enters its Centenary Year with sound administration and on the crest of a cricketing wave.

Reminiscing over the past thirty seven years is pleasant, but now one must look to the future. In recent years I have been fortunate to assist in the rewarding task of reviving the Colts Section, source of a new generation striving to make its mark on the game and to uphold the traditions of South Hampstead.

Good luck and happy days in the sun to them all.

The Lean Years

Allan Clain

Every sports club has its ups and downs and no doubt South Hampstead has had as many periods of relative failure as of undisputed success. Any individual player can only describe the period he knows and I propose to recall one of our leaner spells when I was Club captain for two seasons, and the periods immediately before and afterwards.

When I joined the Club in 1950 we had probably the strongest side in London club cricket. The following appeared in the sports columns of a national Sunday paper, after Australia had won four and drawn one Test in their 1949-50 Tour of South Africa. "A Middlesex player who has been coaching in South Africa saw some of the Tests against the Australians. When asked his views on South African cricket he replied 'They couldn't beat South Hampstead'." In passing, those who feel that we had rotten weather during our 99th season (1974) may recall that in 1951 when the South Africans were due to play the Club Cricket Conference at Luton (a game for which H. J. J. Malcolm had been selected) play was completely prevented by snow!

To get back to South Hampstead in the early 50's the side was as follows: Opening the batting would be two of five: Henry Malcolm, Willie Western, Doug. Pragnell, Douglas Malcolm and myself. The middle order consisted of Noshier Robertson (vice-captain for several years, and a magnificent out-fielder) and John 'The Horse' Woodbridge, a tremendous hitter of the ball, whose greatest joy was to play at Dulwich where there were railway lines on most sides of the ground (his hobby being model railways). Then the stock bowlers, Bob Marson

(medium pace seam) and Maurice Farara (fastish off-breaks), both useful bats. The wicket keeping was shared by Norman Cooper (who also joined the Club in 1950 and was a good enough keeper to be on Surrey's books as reserve) and John Sample. The pace bowling was provided by Len Berry and Reg Fardon aided by Roger Martin (really quick for a couple of seasons until a knee injury intervened) and Ralph McGillivray, both of whom played for a few years in the early 50's. Roger later played for and captained Barclays Bank. In addition to the regular bowlers both Henry and Douglas Malcolm could weigh in with leg spin and Henry was no mean seamer. The astute reader will immediately remark "but you have a rugger side of fifteen players there". I am referring of course to a period of several seasons; many others played for the 1st. XI during this time but the regular team was mostly selected from the above fifteen.

In the middle 50's several new players appeared regularly as some of the older members retired or moved away. Roy Phipps became the leg spinner and took many wickets year after year. John Weale and John Tutton took over a hundred wickets in successive years, but as the latter waxed successful the former concentrated on his batting and scored a stack of runs, first at No. 4, later as an opener. Ron Hooker started playing regularly in the 1st. XI in 1952 (his first appearance for the Club was in the 3rd. XI in September 1950 as a schoolboy) but then went into the Forces and on his release joined Middlesex. Of course Ron has always been as keen as mustard and continued to play for the Club when not required by Middlesex and at the end of the County season. Bob Peach joined the Club in 1955 but also played for London

University, skipping them in his last year, and then went into the Forces playing for the Army and Combined Services during his two years National Service. Don Wallis worked his way through the lower sides and obtained a regular 1st. XI place in 1955.

Henry Malcolm, who started playing with the 1st. XI in 1932 and became captain in 1941, continued as skipper until 1958 with myself as his vice-captain in '55 and '56 and John Weale in that capacity in '57 and '58, but in these latter years Henry played less and less, being troubled first with a hand injury and then with a gradually worsening arthritic hip. In his last year as skipper he played no more than a dozen games.

The side was gradually becoming less strong, despite the advent of the Huntleys, Alan (a marvellous catcher in the outfield and a good seam bowler) and Roy, a fine opening bat who later moved to High Wycombe and played regularly for Bucks. before emigrating to New Zealand. The old guard gradually retired and by the time I was elected skipper in 1959 we were, for South Hampstead, a relatively weak side and grateful when Bob Peach and Ron Hooker were able to make an occasional appearance. Richard Brooks (who later got a Blue at Oxford and played a couple of seasons for Somerset) although only in his mid teens, was also a valuable asset when he could get away from school cricket to keep wicket for us.

Perhaps the writing appeared on the wall for the first time in 1951 in the game against Beddington, probably then the strongest side in South London. When we first played them in

1950 (as always on a Sunday on their ground!) we put them out for 133; Douglas Malcolm and I then shared a century opening partnership and with the pressure off we should have won by more than the eventual 6 wickets. The next year disaster struck and when Dickie Bird joined Bob Marson at the wicket we were 18 - 7! Dickie was a batsman who played a good deal for the 1st. XI despite the handicap of an artificial leg and should have been batting much higher up the order. However that day he left behind at South Hampstead the peg leg with which he padded up and someone had to bring it from the Club before he could go in to bat. The 8th. wicket fell at 81 (Marson 42) and Bird was run out with the final total at 102, which Beddington got for the loss of 2 wickets. We did not win again at Beddington until 1964, losing seven times with the other games drawn or washed out. Over the last few seasons the Club has been generally stronger than Beddington and the series now stands at 9 wins to 5 in their favour.

1959 was really the low ebb of the Club's fortunes, the 1st. XI winning 9, drawing 26 and losing 13 games. Two games from that season which stand out in my memory were against Wembley and Southall. When we played Wembley at Vale Farm on Sunday, 12th July, I won the toss, thought the pitch looked a bit green and put them in. When they declared at 250 - 0 (Dave Watson 131* and C. Richards 107*) we had dropped a catch or two. We managed 154 - 9 (Peter Ray 4 - 44, John Price, later of Middlesex and England, 3 - 33), but at least Don Wallis, our No. 11, did not have to go to the wicket, as our 9th wicket fell with the last ball of the day. A further classic took place on

30th August when we went to Southall for an all-day game. Southall declared at 3.55 p.m. after 222 minutes batting with 245 - 7. With 64 minutes play remaining Don Wallis joined Roy Phipps at the wicket with our score at 134 - 9 (Brian Tyler 64). Against all odds they proceeded to play out time. Their method was simple, each stayed at his own end batting against the two previously successful bowlers refusing all singles. When the bowlers changed ends they took a single and continued as before. At the close of play the scoreboard read South Hampstead 150 - 9, Phipps 13*, Wallis 6*. We later heard that the Southall skipper resigned the next day.

In 1960 we won 14, drew 18, tied 1 and lost 8; winning 5 and drawing 1 of our last 6 games. In that year I recall matches in which South Hampstead recorded two of their occasional triumphs in my two years as skipper. After a Saturday night party we presented ourselves at Shepherds Bush on 17th July for an all-day game. The fact that the start was delayed until after lunch and a number of beers did not improve our batting, which after seventeen minutes of struggle produced a score card which read 1 run, 4 wickets. Seven wickets were down for 20 after 48 minutes, 8 for 40, then the tail wagged a bit, Brian Shadwell (who came from Highgate and played in and out of the 1st. XI for several seasons) getting 23, Roy Phipps 26 and Norman Cooper in perhaps his best knock for the Club 29*. The innings had lasted 139 minutes and totalled 103. Tea was taken and then Shepherds Bush started batting with the pitch still damp. Our opening bowlers struck to such effect that they had taken 6 wickets for 21, but then there was a

stand for the 7th wicket which fell at 51. Phipps was now introduced into the attack. He took 2 - 3 and the Bush innings closed at 87 after 146 minutes with that old warrior Bob Talbot 33*. Peach had 4 - 31, Wallis 3 - 30 and Cooper 3 victims behind the stumps. Then on August Bank Holiday we faced Hornsey in our traditional all-day fixture. Hornsey won the toss and elected to bat on a perfect wicket — what else at Milvértion Road? It was a fine sunny day and when the 1st. wicket fell to Alan Huntley at 11 in came Roger Pearman, at this time the best and most prolific batsman in London club cricket. I had a theory that he could be contained by bowling at and just outside his off stump, and encouraged by me our bowlers did just this. When Roger was bowled by Peach for 86 after 142 minutes we felt we had done well to keep the score down on a placid pitch; the declaration came at 230 - 8 in 186 minutes (Peach 4 - 53), leaving us 152 minutes to bat. John Weale and Roy Huntley opened, John being out for 9 with the score at 14. Bob Peach came in next and he and Roy proceeded to hit the Hornsey bowling to all corners of the field to the tune of 217 in 107 minutes, Huntley 122, Peach 93 both not out. Pacing up and down the pavilion itching to get in were the big hitters Ron Impey and myself, but it was not to be and we won with 16 minutes to spare in 47.2 overs. Hornsey, of course, are a great sporting side and the beer really flowed freely in the old wooden pavilion that night. Incidentally the next season, in the same fixture, their skipper Basil Wright hit Don Wallis for a six in the last over to win the game by a couple of wickets! The tied game at Beaconsfield was another match to remember. In our innings Bruce Tutton and

Alan Huntley had put on 96 for the 6th wicket. When the 9th Beaconsfield wicket fell they needed 16 runs to win off two overs. Roy Phipps, who finished with 7 - 68, bowled the last over and off the last ball two runs were still needed to win. The ball was hit to John Weale on the deep mid-wicket boundary, and the batsmen, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, went for the second run. John threw in the ball, a fine hard flat throw, but right out of the setting sun. Norman Cooper calmly took the ball on the half volley in the bowler's rough and made the run-out with a few inches to spare so the game was tied.

Norman Cooper who died at a relatively early age in 1973 is remembered as a fine wicket keeper, a great character and the source of many an anecdote. Who can forget him feeding Mutt, his poodle, on hot sausages in the bar of the old pavilion? Numerous other memories spring to mind but one will have to suffice. We used to play Old Whitgiftians at their Croydon ground on the Saturday of their Cricket Week and devilishly difficult it was to get there for an 11.30 start through crowded Croydon High Street. One year we fielded first and, Norman not having arrived, Douglas Malcolm kept wicket. Norman turned up a few minutes after play started, and seeing that we had a wicket keeper, proceeded to clean his pads as he always did before a game. Only after about half an hour did he take over behind the stumps. Norman usually batted at No. 11 although at a later stage in his career he opened quite often for the 2nd. XI. He was very difficult to get out (as was Don Wallis, another regular No. 11) and liked to claim that throughout his cricket career he had never

hit a four through the covers.

It will be noted that both the wins reported above took place in 1960 when Bob Peach was playing more regularly and when several young players were coming on well, notably Don Wallis, Bruce Tutton and Terry Cordaroy who joined the Club that season from Kingsbury and became a regular 1st. XI player after just four games in the 2nd's, scoring 68* in his first 1st. XI game against Wallington.

In 1961, the first year of Bob Peach's captaincy, we won 14, drew 20 and lost only 6 and the following year the Club's recovery was complete for we won a record number of 27 matches, a record which was only broken in 1973 when the 1st. XI won 29 games, but this included five wins in the Wills Trophy.

The year 1962 inaugurated probably the most successful era in the Club's 100 year history, an era which has continued to the present. The lean years were over.

1st. XI v Beddington Sunday August 19 1951

Innings of South Hampstead			
A. Clain	c. Cooper	b. Prescott	0
N. Cooper		b. Johnson	0
J. Weale		b. Johnson	3
C. Marson		b. Robertson	42
B. Mitchell		b. Prescott	2
N. Robertson	c. Prescott	b. Johnson	0
P. Robinson	c. White	b. Johnson	1
B. Tutton	st. Cooper	b. Johnson	2
G. Bird		run out	44
R. Fardon		b. Prescott	0
L. Berry		not out	1
		Extras	7
		Total	102

R. Johnson 13 - 5 - 21 - 5
Beddington won by 8 wkts.

1st. XI v Shepherds Bush Sunday July 17 1960

Innings of South Hampstead			
R. Peach		b. Talbot	0
J. Weale	c. McIver	b. Talbot	0
T. Cordaroy		b. McIver	0
A. Clain		b. McIver	2
B. Tutton	c. Wright	b. McIver	0
B. Shadwell	c. Keates	b. Talbot	23
C. Newcombe		b. Talbot	4
H. Compton	c. Langhorne	b. McIver	0
N. Cooper		not out	29
R. Phipps		b. Stark	26
D. Wallis	st. Wright	b. McIver	1
		Extras	18
		Total	103

R. Talbot 21 - 10 - 39 - 4
K. McIver 14.4 - 6 - 26 - 5
South Hampstead won by 16 runs.

South Hampstead v. The Rest

Norman Robertson

Editors' Note. The article which follows, while not entirely relevant to the history of South Hampstead, is, we feel, well worthy of inclusion as a reminder of some of the leading characters in London club cricket during the decade following the last war.

Norman Robertson, apart from his prowess on the field, is known to many of us as a knowledgeable and amusing raconteur on the game and its players. One afternoon up at the Club last season he was persuaded to tape-record some of his recollections, with the main idea of choosing the best side from opponents he had encountered during his playing days. Not surprisingly, the conversation covered more than the original theme. We hope, however, that this edited (not censored) version will interest those who played and watched during the period and conjure up a picture of Norman, pint in hand, talking cricket.

. Well, over the years I think most of the best of London club cricketers have played up here at South Hampstead. Initially the idea was to pick the best combined side against the Club in the decade after the war, then I modified it with the qualification of not more than one player per club. This makes it more cosmopolitan and more interesting really, but it eliminates some bloody fine people, if you're only having one from Ealing, say, or Dulwich. There were a great many very fine players around at that time, particularly bowlers, not many quick ones, but some first rate medium pace and spin bowlers. There was no hesitation in my mind about the best player from Ealing, but it did mean when I reflected about one or two of the people who

were automatically excluded that in some cases it was a harsh decision. To spread the field was reasonable, I think, when you consider that this might conceivably still be of interest to quite a few opponents.

Well of all the possibles I've whittled it down to a 1st. XI, so to speak, and I've got a list of people I regard as top class players who didn't get into it. I'll make a quick review of these latter first: Leslie Baker, who used to open the innings for High Wycombe with great success; Peter Wreford, who scored thousands of runs for Brondesbury and others (and a few for us during the war) and carried on doing so until quite recently; Jack Seward of Malden Wanderers always looked a class player; Jim Hastie of Slough, not only an aggressive and successful bat but one of the best fielders I ever played against, with a tremendous arm on him; then there was Yeatman who never did any good against us but got a hell of a lot of runs for Richmond against everyone else and a good few for Surrey II as well; Frank Ahl, who in addition to playing for Brentham had of course played for Worcestershire, in his time opening the innings for them, a very fine player and character, I always thought; an all-rounder of the ability of Bob Talbot of Shepherds Bush, who on his day was quite capable of winning the game with either bat or ball; in the same category Vic Ransom of Malden Wanderers almost got into the team as a bowler but I also remember him belting us around the ground here in a Cricket Week game.

Perhaps one of the most difficult things is to choose the wicket keeper; there is the inevitable temptation to choose one who can also bat.

Wicket keepers who don't quite qualify include Jack Brown of Richmond, Winchester of Finchley and Bernie Allen of UCS Old Boys who was an accomplished bat and a fine quiet and efficient wicket keeper. Bernie's brother Len was perhaps a better cricketer, a fastish bowler who once, I think, took 4 wickets in 4 balls in Minor Counties cricket. Even Tim Moran, who reckoned to get 150 wickets plus for the Old Boys each season and did in many years, had to be left out. He was once unwise enough to say that given three or four overs early on against Henry, he would get him; someone repeated this to Henry, who promptly promoted himself to open the innings and I had the pleasure of being in with him for an hour or more without getting much of the strike while he slaughtered Mr. Moran scientifically — not very brutally, you know, just the way he did, stroking it away here, there and everywhere — he got 130, I think, that day. As far as Henry was concerned there weren't any very good bowlers, some of them were merely not bad! Then there's Tommie Thompson of Ealing, who, let's face it, was a very fine bowler indeed, perhaps particularly at Ealing and another bowler, Rutter, of Beaconsfield, Oxford and The Gentlemen, who got quite a few wickets against us, particularly at Beaconsfield, where he certainly made the ball bounce!

Talking about Beaconsfield reminds me that the other day I met the bloke from there who bowled the ball that was hit into the bus; he and his two sons were playing against us last weekend and he had also been an old friend of Norman Cooper at Richmond Town. Everyone recalls that Allan Farara hit that six, but few remember that Ken Wood was the bowler.

Now for the chosen eleven; I'll deal with them in batting order. It's my personal choice and I'm sure that in at least one instance a lot of people are going to argue with me.

1. Len Newman, Alexandra Park, who up here on possibly his only appearance was hit smartly in the box by Len Berry when he'd got about 4 and then went on almost inevitably to get what was, I think, his 149th. century in club cricket — a most competent display. I could not leave him out even though it meant excluding Con Davies, another fabulous player.

2. Jim Whyman, Shepherd's Bush, a great favourite of mine who died some years ago as quite a young man, and about whom some people will argue. I always likened him to Charlie Barnett of Gloucester, in that it didn't matter how new the ball or where it was swinging; if it was pitched up he'd thrust out his leg and hit hard. He's a chap I'd always have in my side, especially in a strong batting side, and that's what this is, believe me.

3. John Swann, Brentham, who played the game against us as hard as anyone and certainly more competently than most; a very good bat indeed an excellent field and, of course, a good leg-break and googly bowler. Having picked him I have to exclude Bob Felton as well as Frank Ahl. Bob once made 160 for Middlesex against Yorkshire and was a fair bat who hit the ball very hard and was capable of bowling quite tight when the situation required it.

4. Rusi Cooper, Hornsey, one of the neatest, tidiest, most competent batsmen I ever saw.

He was said to be a bit stodgy against any thing really fast, but there wasn't much of that in those days. In the Hornsey side with him were George August, another competent batsman and Mel Saunders, a very good swing bowler, who don't get in to my side.

5. David Johns, High Wycombe, one of the finest all-round players and certainly one of the best hitters of the ball off the back foot. A more than useful bowler, too, if needed; I doubt if he'd get on, in this team, but he'd be there, just in case.

6. Eddie Ingram, Ealing, the first man I picked. Certainly one of the best bowlers in club cricket and successful, too, for The Gentlemen of Ireland. A great player, a better bat than he looked, always capable of making 50 or 60, either batting or belting, whichever the situation demanded.

7. Campbell Shirreff, Dulwich (and Cambridge, Kent, Hampshire etc.), a far better swing bowler than Henry made him look. On one occasion at the Club we declared at 260 - 5 or 6 and Dulwich got them in the last over, which Henry, in a rare spirit of generosity, asked me to bowl — some tall thin bod put me in the road twice. Since Henry had scored 175*, he was probably feeling quite content. That was the day that David Finch introduced his bride of a couple of weeks and told her after a couple of beers that if they lived to be a thousand they'd never see a better game.

8. Ian Bedford, Finchley, without doubt the only spin bowler I ever saw Henry in trouble against, and that when Ian was a very young

boy playing for a Club and Ground side — he actually hit "The Master's" pads a couple of times and very few spinners did that!

9. Blossom Fullwood, Met. Police. I finally selected old Blossom as wicket keeper after much consideration; he kept wicket for Derbyshire while they were waiting for George Dawks to be demobbed and played for the Police in that tremendous side just after the war that had all sorts of near County players in it. He was a very good wicket keeper and of course one of those bludgeoning batsmen with a tremendous cow shot that sent the ball a very long way.

10. Colin Smith, Dulwich. Now I've broken my own rule, I'll have to replace Campbell Shirreff, as I must inject a bit of real speed, and Colin was the best pace bowler I ever saw in action at the Club. I think he got 8 out of 9 against us one day in the best spell of sustained quick bowling that I remember seeing.

11. Vic Lund, Slough, an automatic choice, though he keeps out Hastie and others. He once opened against the full Lancashire side and bowled 7 maidens to Washbrook and Place; he was that sort of bowler and one that it was a delight to talk to after the game. Something about that flat hat he always wore added a bit of atmosphere to the scene.

Now I must find a replacement for Shirreff, someone from a Club not already represented. I haven't got anyone from Malden Wanderers, so I can put in Vic Ransom, who fits rather well into the No. 7 slot; his bowling was at times even better than Shirreff's.

So there you are, a fair old side, I would say, and there are still a lot of others who didn't get in, but were certainly in the running. Bowlers like Keith Walker of Malden Wanderers, an unorthodox leg-spinner, about three times as fast as most of 'em, who bowled off the wrong foot and got a lot of wickets; Alf Hughes of High Wycombe, a fine bowler who was top of the Minor Counties averages more than once. He and Henry had some rare old duels at times; Roger Martin of Barclays Bank, who had played a bit for us, might have been in for sheer speed. Norman Cooper thought him about the quickest bowler around at that time. Many fine bowlers played occasionally against us; for the Wanderers there was Alf Gover in one match and Giles Baring, one of the best movers of the ball, either way, on his day and one of the few bowlers ever to get Bradman for a duck. Among the batsmen I've left out are John Slack, of UCS Old Boys, a Cambridge Blue who has a place in Wisden for scoring a century against Middlesex in his first first-class innings; Doug Newman, Len's son, deserves a place somewhere for the amount of cricket he played and the number of runs he scored against us one Cricket Week when he captained three different sides in four days and got two centuries and quite a few runs in the other innings; Jos Levy of Finchley and Doug Brown of Wanstead, an all-rounder I always admired, right hand bat and left arm bowler. And what about that RAF side that came up here regularly for a few seasons and included at various times Ray Illingworth, who scored a century but did not bowl; Jim Parks, caught by Bill Western with one hand in his pocket one cold day and Alan Moss, who bowled quite quickly thank you!

That reminds me that I was first roped in to play for the Club when I was on leave from the RAF. On one occasion we had to clear a lot of shrapnel from the ground before play could begin and I remember one odd sort of pick-up game when Hubert Brooman played for the opposition — that takes you back a bit! I also remember playing for the Club against Neasden, for whom H. F. Benka, talked of as a possible answer to Fleetwood-Smith, was bowling; the first ball I received was much too good for me, but just failed to bowl me. I played several times for RAF teams against the Club. In those days we probably played the RAF more than anybody else, because if we were short of a game, RAF Abbey Lodge could usually raise a side. I was stationed there for three years, so I came up here quite a few times. A good few well-known cricketers appeared for Abbey Lodge and some useful foot-ballers too — for example, ten-goal Joe Payne, who was also a fine cricketer. Henry will remember a chap named Bradford who gave him a bit of tap once or twice, a tremendous hitter.

Coming back to my chosen side, I think perhaps it lacks a really good off-spinner, maybe we could transfer Maurice Farara to them for a hundred thousand pounds. We didn't really meet anyone in his class, in my view. Picking a contemporary South Hampstead side to oppose my team would depend on whether the game was whole or half day. Douglas Malcolm would get in for an all day game; on his day he was a fabulous player of the ball that moved about and if he was in the mood and opened with Henry there was always liable to be a big opening partnership, as for instance, the 270-odd against Winchmore Hill. Henry would be there, of course,

not only as a bat but as two or three kinds of bowler as well. If one of them failed Bill Western at No.3 was capable of getting a hundred against almost anyone and not wasting much time about it and then Johnnie Woodbridge at No.4 would do a bit of murdering especially if the pitch let him play forward. The difficulty comes with the middle batting. I'd be inclined to include Bob Marson, though he came late in the decade; he was a good bits and pieces player, who could tap the ball hard and got his runs quickly. He was a bit lax in the field at times but was a very economical bowler with a lovely action. Then of course Maurice Farara, a very much under-rated bat. He almost invariably made runs for the depleted 1st. XI when the Club was on tour, because he was allowed to bat in his favourite No.5 position, instead of languishing at No.8 and not getting in.

His brother Allan I would put in as one of the opening bowlers; he thought about it all the time and was the only bloke who could bowl five or six feet short of a length with effect, because every now and again he cut the ball away from the bat and people who got into a position to hook found themselves caught at cover. His favourite remark was "You leave the County players to me" and I remember once he got quite a few of them at Malden Wanderers. Because of his flat-footed run and square-on shoulders people just didn't believe he was a good bowler, but he certainly made the ball do a bit. Good as Allan was, he wasn't in quite the same class as Maurice, who, while he sometimes didn't make the best use of a dry and dusty wicket, was an absolute murderer on a slightly damp pitch. You've only got to remember that game against Chinghoppers in

1946. They had a tremendous batting side including Doug Insole, Doug Newman, Henry McForde, the West Indies test player, and Chingford's Crafer and he went through them like a scythe, getting seven before lunch and 8 - 36 in all.

In picking this South Hampstead side, don't let's forget Eddie Grainger, one of the best slow left arm bowlers in club cricket. He only went back to Abbey National because he couldn't get enough batting here. That strong Met. Police side I mentioned earlier put us out for 70 - odd at Imber Court and we still beat them thanks largely to Grainger. My choice of Ralph McGillivray as the other opening bowler may surprise some people, but on his day he was a really good bowler. I remember one devastating display against Cross Arrows at Lords. He was picked for a Conference Trial, couldn't go and Bob Marson went in his place and did the hat trick. Ralph was nevertheless selected and took 0 for plenty, but I think I'd choose him, assuming we're picking people on their best performance.

On this basis someone like Len Berry, who bowled his heart out, wouldn't get into the side. Len bowled quick but flat and never really got the ball up even on less friendly pitches than ours. Batsmen like Tom Smith of Hounslow played forward to him for a couple of overs and then belted him, knowing he was capable of being driven. On the other hand he got his hundred wickets one season playing half the games up here and that can't be bad. But I'd still settle for the greater guile of Allan Farara.

Again one of the biggest selection problems would be the wicket keeper. On different days and in different ways Ted Shepherd, Freddie Wallach and Norman Cooper were all fine keepers. Freddie's leg side stumping at Wanstead, standing up to Len Berry, was as good as you would wish to see anywhere, but he was not quite so consistent as Ted. By and large the best was probably Norman, who never seemed to have his hands anywhere but in exactly the right place. I remember a game at Lensbury when a ball from Bob Marson got up and Norman, standing up, took a beautiful catch with both feet off the ground, making it look so easy. Norman and I often recalled the game when young Chris Dodd kept for the first time for what you might call the 1st. XI, in Cricket Week in 1951. Norman was at short leg, half coaching him, and watching while Chris got seven victims. Afterwards Norman, who had never in his life got more than six, was a bit ruth about it, but genuinely delighted with his protegee.

Perhaps another anecdote about Norman is as good a way as any to finish up with. It is said that someone called for him one cold November day to go and watch Portsmouth play football. When Norman eventually answered the door he appeared dressed in whites, with pads, wicket-keeping gloves, cap, blazer, the lot. Asked what it was all about Norman said he was trying to keep warm and at the same time keeping his eye in in front of the wardrobe mirror.

1st. XI v Dulwich Saturday July 12 1952

Dulwich 176 C.S. Smith 61 R.Phipps 6 - 58

Innings of South Hampstead

W. Western	c. Harlow	b. Smith	28
D. Pragnell		b. Smith	1
J. Woodbridge		b. Smith	2
N. Robertson		b. Smith	9
H. Malcolm	c. Hillier	b. Smith	54
D. Malcolm	lbw	b. Smith	42
K. Fletcher	c. Harlow	b. Smith	5
N. Cooper		b. Brewster	6
R. Phipps		not out	0
L. Berry		b. Smith	0
G. Bird		not out	0
		Extras	18
		Total	
		9 wkts	165

C.S. Smith 20 - 5 - 52 - 8

Match drawn

From the score box

Audrey Hawdon

I could call my contribution to the Centenary Book "Forty Five Summers" but that would be an exaggeration. I was certainly watching cricket at Sidmouth Road in 1930, but I did not score for the Club until the penultimate game in 1938. Nevertheless I have some vivid memories of matches in the early 30's, when my father first took me to visit his friend the night watchman at the new houses under construction at the top end of Mount Pleasant Road and our afternoon walk continued to South Hampstead's Sidmouth Road gate. In the early days we went home to tea, but when the cricket bug had bitten me I would forgo this so as not to miss any of the game, and the tea interval would be spent throwing a ball with my brother and any other boys who allowed me to join them. We also visited some of the nearer opponents' grounds, such as Brondesbury and Finchley.

I recall one long partnership between the Watkins brothers, when Eddie scored 120 and Gilbert 60 odd, and some very fine fielding by Ken Moore including a remarkable catch after a run of some twenty yards. Later I found out how to score and began scoring on my own account. I still have the record of a game in 1934 when the Club dismissed Brondesbury for only 24 runs off 13.2 overs, in reply to 243 - 7 dec. The wickets were shared by the two Charlies, Higgins 4 - 4 and Pinkham 6 - 14. In a game against UCS Old Boys on the Saturday of Cricket Week their score at lunch was 17 - 2 off eight overs each from Charlie Higgins and (you'll never guess) Herbert Wallach. Then there was the occasion when South Hampstead scored 410 - 9 in a Sunday afternoon game against Artists Rifles; Eddie Watkins, opening the innings, scored 111 and Henry Malcolm at No.10

was 49*. The visitors mustered only 76 and when put in again managed 95 - 3 against five occasional bowlers who had not been called upon in the first innings.

In those days the scorers sat at the end of the pavilion and the scores were displayed on a telegraph board near where the wicket covers are now kept. About 1936 the score-box was erected, near the willow tree where the groundsman's new garage now stands, and one of the first games I saw recorded on it was the now famous one against High Wycombe when they scored 300 and still lost by two wickets. The score card of this memorable half day game is reproduced elsewhere in this book.

The mid-thirties saw the advent of that champion six-hitter Johnnie 'The Horse' Woodbridge. In one mid-week game soon after he left school his innings of 77 included seven 6's, some of which went right over the houses in Milverton Road, a feat I've never seen since. It goes without saying that during these years I also saw most of the development of Henry Malcolm into the fine cricketer we all remember.

The penultimate game in 1938 was the annual fixture Tourists v The Rest and the Club had no scorers. My school friend Joyce and I were well known by then as regular supporters, who also recorded for themselves the events of most home matches and some away games as well, and we were asked by John Lear, the skipper, if would score for the Club. We did so, but both being very shy (you won't believe it now, but it's true) we would not go

in for tea. The same thing happened the following weekend, when the game was against London Devonians, whose team at that time included two Lisles and three Fararas; two of the latter later joined South Hampstead, when the war caused the disbandment of their club. That game ended in a draw with the scores level, so I had early experience of making batting and bowling figures tally.

Next season I was at college with Wednesday afternoons free and I began to score regularly mid-week and sometimes at week-ends. Early in the War, as soon as I returned in the summer from evacuation with College to Aberystwyth, I cycled to both home and away games to do my bit as scorer, having kept my hand in by scoring for the College team in early summer. It was an interesting period despite the trials and tribulations of wartime. Women's Lib had not yet reared its ugly head and some clubs still had 'Men Only' bars, from which even the scorer, were she a woman, was excluded. Indeed at Ealing no women were allowed into the pavilion, even at tea time, and my tea was brought out to me in the tennis pavilion near the score box. Later on Muriel Malcolm and I often had to keep each other company in the outer regions of opponents' often draughty pavilions, hoping the men would sometimes remember we were there and thirsty! Wartime cricket had its attractions. One had many opportunities to see County and Test players in the many charity games against such teams as the British Empire XI, London Counties XI, London Fire Force etc. and in matches against Services teams such as the Royal New Zealand Air Force and RAF Abbey Lodge and hilarious evenings were spent in the bar after

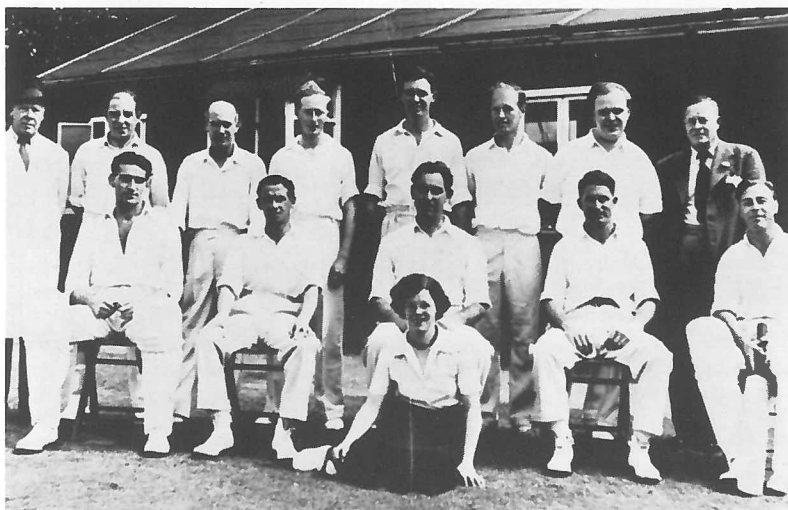
1st. XI 1938

Standing l. to r. B. Dray (umpire), E.H. Hart, D.W. Malcolm, J.G.V. Ball, W.T. Western, J.S. Woodbridge.
Sitting l. to r. H.J.J. Malcolm, J.E. Lear, H.L. Wallach (capt.), F.W. Rayner, S. Dunstone.



South Hampstead v. London Fire Force 1941





1st. XI 1950

Standing l. to r. S.F. Richards (umpire), N.G. Cooper, M. Farara, L.W. Berry, R. McGillivray, C.W. Marson, G.Bird, H.B. Brooman.

Sitting l. to r. D.W. Malcolm, N.G. Robertson, H.J.J. Malcolm (capt.), J.S. Woodbridge, D.R. Pragnell.

On ground Mrs. A.R. Hawdon (scorer).



1st. XI 1962

Standing l. to r. H. Wild (umpire), R.P. Phipps, R.W. Hooker, D.F. Wallis, A.Clain, W.H. Hart, T.M. Cordaroy; in front Mrs. A.R. Hawdon (scorer).

Sitting l. to r. R. Brooks, A.J. Huntley, R.A. Peach (capt.), L.G. Stubbs, A. Nienow.

these games.

I came down from College in 1943, and taking a job at the Chemical Research Laboratory at Teddington was able to continue living at Kensal Rise. Tony and I were married early in the 1944 season just before he was sent off to Poona with the Royal Engineers; he was away until 1947 and for three summers I hardly missed a match, cycling where possible to away games, even as far as Winchmore Hill, but joining the team on public transport to such places as High Wycombe. In those days we always caught the last train from High Wycombe back to Marylebone and there was a rush for the one coach that was half first/half third class; it was the only third class part to have a corridor and the very necessary toilet compartment! The trek to the station must have amused an outside observer as a long trail of weary cricketers carrying heavy cricket bags and accompanied by equally weary wives and girl friends made its way down the incline, under the lines and up the slope to the platform. Inevitably Douglas Malcolm brought up the rear, with the biggest, heaviest bag and there was always a last minute scramble to make sure he caught the train.

When Tony was demobbed he played some tennis, but usually accompanied me to away matches and after a few seasons became a permanent cricket 'camp follower'. However towards the end of the summer his hockey season started and we parted company for a week-end or so. It was on one such occasion that I was due to score at Catford Wanderers one late September Sunday and Stan Richards, our

renowned umpire, had kindly offered me a lift — he was one of the few people to have a car in those days. I got into his old Austin and joined a young boy who seemed small even to me. Stan introduced him saying "Hullo, Audrey, this is Ron Hooker who's playing for the 1st. today". Ron was about fifteen and by the end of a bitter day's play at Catford he looked starved with cold and almost ready to give up cricket. During Cricket Week in the next season, Ron was helping me in the score box in intervals between exams, debating whether to complete them. I wonder whether he remembers my advice to do so?

During that period, when Henry was skipper, I was expected to carry with me a stock of spare Batting Order forms, to give him at tea time when we were batting second. Remember the cryptic addition to the batting order? Subject to alteration SKYBEO — So Keep Your Bloody Eyes Open. Over the years I've also been asked to provide safety pins, needle and thread, aspirin and elastoplast and now I always carry with me a supply of these vital commodities. Once I even provided a tired umpire with soothing foot spray for his poor aching feet.

We moved to Twickenham in the early 50's to reduce our winter travelling to Teddington Hockey Club and the next summer found Sunday travelling on public transport so difficult that for a few seasons my Sunday scoring was limited to a few games. Even the short journey to Ealing needed two buses with the inevitable wait in between. Have you ever tried to get to Wembley, for example, by bus from Twickenham? I think it took us about

two hours the only time we tried. How different from the cycle ride from Kensal Rise; if you had enough to drink after the game you just sailed up and down the hills on the way home. That reminds me of a less successful return journey, back from Beddington after our first match there and the celebration of a famous victory with Allan Clain. The train from Hackbridge to Victoria was not too bad, but the 52 bus from there was too much for me in my delicate state of health, so we alighted at Hyde Park Corner and walked across the Park to Marble Arch for a breath of air. Then it was too late to catch another bus to Kensal Rise and we walked all the way home.

Later in the 50's we acquired a car and life became easier, but I still miss the camaraderie of party travel by bus and train. Years later we re-captured some of that spirit on a journey to Bedford. The team, umpire, scorer, captain's wife and scorer's husband piled into four cars at the Club one Sunday morning in 1967 and departed for an all day game. Only about an hour's play was possible before rain put an end to the proceedings with Bedford Town 97 - 3. Lunch was taken early but there was no prospect of any more play so the party piled back into the cars, returned en bloc to Milverton Road and cheered on the 2nd. XI to victory.

I really learned the finer points of scoring from Stan Richards, probably the best umpire in club cricket. He had some special indications to help the scorer when the recognised signals were not quite adequate for anyone not actually on the field of play and it was from him that I learnt that prompt acknowledgement

of signals is a great help to the umpire. Stan did not know our present-day complicated colour-coded scoring, but I'm sure he would have appreciated it. I have to admit that one reason for adopting this method was boredom during a spell of dull low-scoring games, when there was not enough to do between balls. Sometimes I would knit while scoring, but this is not possible now that we have to count and indicate the number of overs in addition to the other information on the score board. In 1949 Tony and I agreed to look after the season's analyses and as with scoring we have over the years introduced refinements into the presentation of the statistics. It's a fascinating job, easier when we don't first have to 'cook the books' to make batting and bowling figures tally and less time-consuming with a pocket calculator.

Now for a few remarks on the design of score boxes. In the early days most clubs had telegraph boards, which were easy to operate and allowed me to do a lot of knitting during the game. When they were situated in the pavilion near the dressing rooms, rather than among non-playing members, I could enjoy the players' comments as the game progressed. One thing I did not appreciate was a scorers' table located among a lot of chattering spectators. After the war more and more clubs invested in score boxes, but in some cases these made the scorers' lives much more difficult. Instead of being designed, like Topsy they 'just grewed'. My career as a research chemist taught me that the actual user has the least say in the layout of a laboratory; the same is true of many score

boxes and the inconvenience of some has to be experienced to be believed. I know that at 5 ft. nothing I'm not very tall, but some young boys who score are even smaller, so drums and canvases are even further out of their reach. It's bad enough if you have to get up every time runs are scored, without having to stretch to arm's length. At the fall of a wicket (you've only got two minutes) there's not time to enter up the score sheet, go out front to change the figures and return before the next ball is bowled. In some boxes your colleague blocks your view when changing the figures at the fall of a wicket; you can't see and if he's not looking at the game you're both unaware of what's going on. I'm told that in this way I completely missed three runs last year in the Wills quarter final, causing the boys to lose three more wickets before I recorded the winning hit.

In some boxes the drums are mounted so high that you need a pole to turn them round and a ladder to change the 'hundreds' on the total. Last year at the Bush the ladder was missing and we had to wait for a tall player to do the necessary mountaineering to put up the hundred. Other boxes are potentially lethal. I've often cracked my head when rising quickly after bending double to change figures under the table. Once at Brondesbury before their box was altered, play was held up when a board fell inwards, cutting "Driss" above the eye and causing blood to blot his score book. Once last year I refused to return to the score box after tea. It was a minute cubby hole in an angle of the roof and not only was it over-crowded with three so-called assistants, but every time the wind

blew the number plates were liable to fall on your head.

The wooden spoon for bad design must surely go to that horror of a dual box at a famous West Middlesex ground. It's large and square and faces two ways at right angles to serve two games simultaneously. It is also at least ten yards beyond the boundary, with the wicket in the far distance. I know my only visit there was on a misty day when there were more spectators than usual, but on the other hand only one game was in progress. We did, however, have the microphone of the public address system in the box with us and often a crowd of spectators blocking our view. I was worn out at the end of that short day.

My current betes noires are the "black box" mechanisms many clubs are now installing at enormous cost. Not only are they always breaking down, leaving you absolutely helpless, they are also noisy, cumbersome and in many cases what they indicate to you inside the box bears no relation to what's showing on the outside. In order to find out what's wrong, you have to hang precariously out of the window and dislocate your neck. Give me drums every time, they're simple and direct and easily corrected (DIY).

On the whole I find that the Club's own box, modified over the years to give more information, is one of the most comfortable and convenient, but I must admit that I did enjoy my only visit to the main score box at Lord's for the first Wills Trophy Final. The view of the game from the top of the grandstand was magnificent (pity the game wasn't) and

although the scorers had the assistance of one of the ground staff to operate the mechanism, this operation was very simple. He sat at a sort of steering wheel cum gear lever; first gear recorded the total and one batsman, second gear the total and the other batsman and neutral added extras to the total. He also had contact with the printing room by a tube through which he posted details at the fall of each wicket and by phone with the dressing rooms and the players dining room. Incidentally I was told that I was the first woman to be allowed to lunch in the players' dining room and special permission had to be obtained for this.

Another ground with an elevated score box is Tunbridge Wells, but you have to move across above the sight screen to change the figures and I once incurred Terry's disapproval by doing this just as the bowler was starting his run-up.

A rough calculation indicates that by Centenary Year I shall have scored in 1,000 matches for the Club at a hundred different grounds; the figure is not exact because some score books are missing. I must have enjoyed most of my cricket, or I would not have carried on. But I sometimes wonder, especially when it's freezing cold at the beginning or end of the season and the wind is blowing straight into the score box and when my fellow scorer is a small boy whose friends come to interrupt during the last twenty overs of a boring game. And then, at the next match, I meet again in the box a friend of many years' standing and know that a good match will be made even better by the congenial company during the

next six hours. People like Frank at Stanmore, another Frank at Sunbury, Don at Ealing (and Norman before him), Pete at Bedford, Mike at Teddington and last, but by no means least, Jean at Wanstead, who has had electric heaters installed in her score box.

Maybe we should form a scorers' union and campaign for better 'pay and conditions', but since most of us score for the love of the game, I don't think this will ever be necessary.

1st. XI v High Wycombe Saturday May 16 1936
The game began at 2.30 p.m. South Hampstead won the toss and put High Wycombe in.

Innings of High Wycombe			
A. Keen		b.Higgins	1
A.S.Brand		b.Higgins	6
R.Tomkins		b.Liverton	19
F.R.Ryan	c.Woodbridge	b.Liverton	3
S.Morgan	lbw	b.Malcolm	10
E.Beeson	c.Woodbridge	b.Lear	133
H.R.Jones		b.Malcolm	57
J.Bricknell	lbw	b.Higgins	0
N.R.Hawes	c.Hart	b.Higgins	10
W.M.Pierce		c-b.Higgins	22
H.Mogford		not out	1
		Extras	38
		Total	300

C.F.Higgins 5 - 69

Innings of South Hampstead			
W.T.Western		b.Hawes	13
J.Woodbridge		b.Beeson	22
H.J.J.Malcolm		b.Hawes	34
J.E. Lear	c.Jones	b.Hawes	23
E.H.Hart	c.Keen	b.Hawes	65
G.Watkins	c.Bricknell	b.Hawes	40
H.L.Wallach	st.Pierce	b.Beeson	40
F.W.Rayner	st.Pierce	b.Hawes	20
C.F.Higgins		not out	41
E.M.Liverton	c.Brand	b.Beeson	4
R.N.Croft		did not bat	
		Extras	8
		Total 9 wkts	310

N.R.Hawes, captain of High Wycombe bowled unchanged.

South Hampstead won by 2 wickets but batted on to the end of the over, losing the 9th wkt at 310 just before close of play at 7.30 p.m.

Reflections in a bottle of light ale

'..... by any other name'

It is a long cry from the halcyon days of the 40's and 50's when 'friendly' (non-competitive to the uninitiated) matches were played on the hallowed sward of the South Hampstead Club at weekends in full view of two hundred men and a dog. During those memorable days it was not unusual for the batting stars of the home side to walk around the ground like the proverbial peacocks acknowledging the gentle applause of the spectators, some of whom were condemned to lie on the grass because the nail-studded benches were fully occupied. How times have changed, the numerous spectators never to return; the cabin, where for many years refreshments were served by kindly volunteers of the fair sex, now a relic of a by-gone age; the collecting box, now rarely jangled, filled with coppers, tanners and bobs, plus the occasional button; when well-struck boundaries were stopped by spectators, not uncut grass. Ah, happy days!

Enough of soliloquy, let us turn to the highly successful sides of the early and middle 60's featuring Peach (Jnr.), Stubbs, Tutton, Ager, Wallis, Hart, Phipps and Huntley (Roy), 'his honour the constable' and many others; the babe of the side was the mercurial Terry Cordaroy, much criticised for his 'sheet-anchor' qualities but continuing to amass thousands of runs while artistes and artisans alike failed. Of this side many would opine that had league cricket then been in existence, it would have resolved itself into a two-horse race between South Hampstead and Hornsey.

In 1966 the new club-house, brickless but undaunting and the subject of controversy among at least two architects, was inaugurated.

Bob Peach, a veritable dynamo, continued as general factotum of the Cricket Section until in 1969 he stood down as skipper on account of marriage, weight and age, but one was never certain in which order. Bob resigned immediately the writer became an honorary member, but clearly this could only be construed as a coincidence. The writer, truly a greehorn to the mystique of club cricket at the highest level and the surreptitious tactics employed therein, considered himself fortunate to have been elected a member of such a club, bearing in mind that he first signed the Visitors' Book in 1958.

The writer, who has not yet given the slightest clue to his identity and has had nearly six years to inhale the atmosphere and experience the vicissitudes of the Club, is not sorry he became a member. At least nineteen others do not subscribe to this view. However, being of sound mind and body, he is able to recall several incidents involving cricketers good, bad and quite diabolical, together with informal introductions to the better known characters who have been known to lower the tone, and this he intends to do, please or offend.

The writer happened to enter the Club on a mild evening in September, 1968 and was told in shocked tones that the Club had lost the final of the 'Wills' to Hornsey. That you could have heard a pin drop hardly suggested any other result! In fact, the Club became very good losers for three consecutive years before being triumphant in 1971 when the looks of relief on the players' faces had to be seen to be believed; It was somewhat

anti-climactic when the Club again won the trophy in 1973 (and '74).

Turning to cricketers and the evoking of poignant memories, one immediately thinks of Terry Cordaroy: the look of disbelief on his countenance divine followed by les nuages when adjudged lbw and his magnificent innings of 88, witnessed ball by ball by the writer, for the CCC against the West Indies at Guildford. As to captains, what of Bob Peach, nowadays rather rotund, greying slightly at the temples and, more important, the father of two children. Bob returned to the captaincy in 1971 but realised that one game per weekend is enough for an aging man, so the captain for Sundays was Don Wallis. Don is best remembered bered for piloting the team to a 'ground' near Norbury which proved to be the residential address of the secretary of Streatham C.C..

Whilst on the subject of captaincy, one must spare a few words for the unsung heroes of the other elevens, lesser known because they are rarely allotted a game on their home ground. Wally W.J. Barratt: the unflustered, with his 'Joseph's coat of many colours,' accompanied by a wife whose presence works wonders for his batting average. Kenneth H.J. Fletcher: captain and also chairman of more 'concerns' than anybody on earth; travels 'direct' to all games, no longer bowls. Kenneth G. James: erstwhile or permanently 'Clubman of the Year'; certainly not the fastest scorer on his cricket circuit (or circus) but giving disinterested spectators like myself ample time to admire his immaculate grooming; memorably being allowed to lead the team off the field at Ally Pally,

after demolishing the tail with an assortment of bowling, definitely not for classification. Dick Simpson: 'Godfather' of the Wednesday side and patron of Stephane Grapelli (jazz violinist to the non-musical), the latter still awaiting Dick's instructions to play at the Club on the basis of 'expenses only.'

Of the more ordinary mortals, Allen Bruton; a club cricketer in every sense of the word and one of my favourite 'chauffeurs unpaid'; with the air of a country squire; a bowler of 'fair width' in terms of cricket and physique. Jim Sharp: popular for his 'air-conditioned' flannels and not a lover of league cricket. Reg Fardon: despite advancing years retaining his exemplary bowling action during his allocation of three overs; 'Fiery' to his friends and by all accounts unlucky to lose a keenly contested tennis match with Ken James whilst on a cricket tour. Geoff Howe: joined the Club in 1972 after a reet welcome from Bruton and the writer; carelessly let a ball through his legs for four runs at Streatham and immediately applauded the batsman's 50. Let us move to Lindsey McDougall: believes that a cricket pitch is thirty yards long and ten yards wide and has an analysis to prove it! an able driver who transported the writer over both Wandsworth and Putney bridges after a memorable game at Spencer. Chris Patel: for twice striking a century in rapid time in matches at Cyphers and Alleyn Old Boys. Jim Pearcey: the Club's youthful-looking 'tweaker' who continues to purchase wickets for the 2nd XI at some expense. Lionel Haywood, the match secretary, infamous for the acquisition of unwanted fixtures; not

renowned for 'hitting out' but might make the 1st XI come 1984.

Let us not forget the senior citizens, 'Tubby' Peach and Eric Haywood, fathers respectively of Bob and Lionel, vice-presidents both, each of whom in his way adds something to the Club atmosphere, be it snuff or gin. Their work for the Colts and the Umpires Association is invaluable.

Provided the reader is still awake there are certain matches which, to the writer, are worthy of note. 1st XI v. Cyphers 1970, when the Cyphers captain spread out his field with Cordaroy on 99 in order that the latter complete his century and where, on the 'other' pitch our 3rd XI admirably skippered by Wally Barratt indulged in a 'pantomime-cum-beer' match, inducing an effect akin to Alice in Wonderland. Regrettably we no longer meet Cyphers. 3rd XI v. Pinkney's Green, 1970. Rural surroundings with cricket to match on the last Sunday in September, adjourning to the 'Stag and Hounds' after a memorable victory; the field placing (wide slip, Mick) of Ken James, John Larkin, cigarette dangling from lips, walking out to score the winning runs, Sights to savour!

3rd XI v. Pinkney's Green, 1972. Rural surroundings with cricket to match on the first Sunday in June; a mauling at the hands of the locals, after poor Reg Fardon could not 'find his length'; applause for the writer for 'walking' when the umpire at the bowler's end was engaged in serious conversation with the non-striker at the time of the appeal.

3rd XI v. Potton, 1971. A game to be remembered by the scorers when Nigel Biggs (keeping wicket for the last time?) conceded 29 byes to the chagrin of Reg Fardon into the bargain. Fielding like 'greased lightning' in the covers were Ken James and Wally Barratt; the match was won at an early juncture by Potton and the fixture was not renewed! 3rd XI v. Old Barnes, 1971 When the writer had the pleasure of batting with Dennis Martin before being adjudged lbw by an umpire, who, immediately after the game, apologised for a bad decision. Small consolation when one's batting average had to suffer!

Finally a brief (? Ed.) description of an engagement for which thanks are due to Ken James for affording me the opportunity to perform and to Brent Council for providing the playhouse. Having agreed to 'stand' in a 4th XI game one Sunday last August, I was duly transported to Forty Farms Recreation Ground. On arrival Ken James told us that the home side were two players short and had no umpire; After some controversy he lent one of his younger players to the opposition and agreed that members of the 'in' side, when not required at the crease, should help me in my appointed task by 'standing' at the other end. James, resplendent in his off-duty blazer, replied to my request for the customary umpiring accoutrements of our national game, that the coats had been 'stolen', so we would 'stand' in our blazers. Such a garment I had not possessed for twenty years (this sartorial gap has recently been filled. Ed.) and, faced with the alternative of a russet cardigan or an old grey raincoat, opted for the latter and then

cut my hand searching for the requisite six pebbles. James's enthusiasm at this stage was beyond my comprehension; strutting like a peacock, he was, in his anxiety to get to the wicket to place his two balls thereon.

The game commenced, though James had failed to call 'play' and several players, not to mention the umpires, were improperly dressed. James lit up a cigar and proceeded to blow smoke rings between turning down appeals from a bowler with whom he seemed to be personally acquainted, but after the fall of a few wickets he departed to have a 'net' before his vital innings. My colleague until the tea interval did a fine job, apart from signalling 'wides' to the batsmen and giving guard from a kneeling position with his head immediately behind the sticks. The serious part of the batting started when James joined Reg Fardon at the wicket with the innings in ruins. Reg, who for some reason found my attitude to the game a source of amusement, ensured that the innings stayed in ruins by being caught off the back of his bat. James, however, was undefeated, but to my amazement was not cheered on his return to the pavilion. South Hampstead IV totalled 94, including only 6 wides though at least 8 had been signalled.

Over a particularly good tea it was generally agreed that the Club had plenty of runs to play with and that the opponents would have to bat exceptionally well to win, especially with Reg so anxious to bowl well to atone for his batting failure. The home side started well enough, but at about 35-2 the game began

to lose its former competitive spirit. It was becoming increasingly obvious that batsmen were most reluctant to go when given 'out', and equally obvious why, when one witnessed some strange umpiring decisions. My latest 'accomplice' having previously been given out 'caught behind,' promptly applied the same dismissal to the next batsman, endearing himself to bowler Reg by explaining his decision. Shortly after the fall of another wicket and a further change of umpire, the new batsman was given guard by my new colleague, his son, with the added incentive of 'Six balls to come, Dad.' Four seconds later, Dad was out, caught behind and rose was to follow when the son's turn came to bat, for he attempted an impossible run to first slip, only to be sent back when past the point of no return, and was run out by yards.

At this stage my powers of concentration were even more sorely tried by the din emanating from the nearby 'Wembley Stadium, not, as I at first feared, a return of the 'doodle-bugs' but stock car racing. I was also conscious of numerous crows and gulls on the outfield, horrible reminiscent of Hitchcock's famous film; however, ever mindful of the needs of others I maintained composure.

As the game drew on and I was returning from square leg at the end of an over, a hidden voice called 'Twenty overs from now'. Resenting the sudden transfer of jurisdiction I did not reply and the call was repeated. Presumably the owner of the voice was not aware that the pavilion clock, along with the umpires ocats, had been 'stolen'. When this

contretemps was resolved the game proceeded to its inevitable conclusion, the umpires having to count the 'last twenty' as the scorers were 'working to rule.' When I had been bowled the home captain ran on to the pitch to question the number of overs left. I managed to convince him that if you deduct I from 20, then 9 remain. At 7.28 p.m. on the completion of 20 overs, my colleague, at the bowler's end, said 'That's it, fellahs.' and whipped off the bails. However, that wasn't it; I was in position for another over before the watch recorded 7.30 and another over was duly bowled. I was most reluctant to call 'time' on its completion but had perforce to do so.

There were neither hot showers, licensed bar nor opponents at the end of the game, as our hosts had immediately disbanded, so we all returned thankfully to the Club, where I declined a pressing invitation to stand regularly for similar performances.

The Social Scene

Jim Sharp

Until recent years the social side of the Club's activities was organised on a somewhat ad hoc basis. My earliest recollections, which stretch back to the dark ages of the early 60's, centre on John Weale rendering an altogether dubious version of the "Girls of Roedean School". Ironically the highpoint of those seasons was always after the side had been beaten and eleven melancholy voices at 10.30 p.m. (in the days before the breathalyser) would join in a rendition of the traditional 'losers' song' "Just like the Ivy".

It was around this time that the Club imported from the Midlands a talented all-rounder by the name of Russell Bowes, whose activities (he was keen to point out) extended beyond playing on grass, at least during daylight hours. It was thus no surprise to his colleagues, but possibly to the chagrin of the honorary members (this more dignified description was still in vogue at the time), that a discotheque was inaugurated on Monday evenings. A small contingent of nurses from Willesden General Hospital could be seen making the long and hazardous trek along Donnington Road in keen anticipation of being entertained by the budding beau bachelors of South Hampstead. Alas their expectations were not often realised and the evenings were poorly attended despite the presence of a third-hand monophonic portable record player.

As a direct result of this failure to turn South Hampstead into a feasible alternative to the Kilburn State or the back seat of Don Wallis's Ford Anglia, the club house was immediately razed to the ground and we all migrated to temporary accommodation, courtesy

of the Tennis Section. Here the facilities were even more restricted and the only social activities which proved possible were weekly games of hunt the underwear in the unlit dressing rooms. Unfortunately none of the lady members of the thriving tennis section could be induced to participate in this exciting pastime. John Weale treated those still sober enough to hear to a hitherto unknown verse of "She was gathering roses", in between mouthfuls of Robert Higgins's delicious steak and kidney pies.

At the south west end of the ground, though, slowly but surely the new Elizabethan Mecca of North West London was growing and come September we all trooped, pewter tankards in hand, back up the legendary slope to our new home. Eyebrows were raised at the spacious dance floor but the younger members could be seen winking at one another, confident in the knowledge that a new era was dawning. In no time ex-teen-ager Peter Huntley was promoted to the exalted position of Chairman of the Social Committee and he gathered round him a well-known band of "groovers" ranging from the dapper Geoff Higgins to the secretary of the Ambrose fan club, Eric Sharp. The flood gates were open!

Drawn by the subtle, coloured wall lights and the heady music a new category appeared at Milverton Road — the social members. Technically their status was that of the old honorary members, but they differed in two key respects — none of them had ever donned the 'mumsies' and they didn't realise that holidays were periods away from the office which should be spent with an umbrella and

deck chair contemplating the finer points of South Hampstead Cricket Week. Nevertheless they brought a new eclecticism to the former austere atmosphere and provided the backbone of the "social" revolution.

One of the most bizarre of the early gatherings in the new clubhouse was a result of the Jon Matthews inspired South Hampstead Football XI. The side was originally raised to give Willesden F.C. a pre-season practice match and to their surprise we held them to a 3 - 3 draw, due to a late equaliser by Nigel Biggs, who immediately hung up his boots and has rested on his laurels ever since. This game was followed by victories over Hornsey and Old Uffs, and with our fame spreading a match was arranged against the Show Biz XI to take place in the Willesden F.C. Stadium. A near capacity crowd witnessed a strange exhibition of the winter art which incorporated water throwing and shorts removing, but saw more goals in an afternoon than are scored in a season at Highbury. We were then privileged to entertain such illustrious personalities as Ed "Stewpot" Stewart, Brian Poole and the never-to-be-forgotten Leapy Lee at our new headquarters, along with their inevitable retinue of lovely ladies. We dined lavishly on sausages and baked beans and everyone felt that South Hampstead had made the big time.

The first of the 'Club only' gatherings took place on New Year's Eve with a live band and buffet supper. This proved so successful that it became a permanent fixture in the social calendar and in subsequent years it was necessary to restrict numbers, tickets being as difficult to procure as Cup Final seats.

During Cricket Week an outdoor barbecue was attempted; Ernie Thompson and Bob Peach, resplendent in chef's hats and white overalls, achieved a high standard of cooking in keeping with their attire. This event has been repeated annually and remains popular despite interruptions from the curse of St. Swithin.

Which brings one almost naturally to the most hectic day in the Club's recent history — the staging of Ron Hooker's benefit match at the ground. After a week of glorious sunshine, the heavens duly opened on cue at the week-end and it looked for a while as if all the hard work would be in vain. However, before a reduced audience a high scoring match was played in overcast conditions and the new pavilion was fully broken in to the extent that a new record was set for bar takings. One of the big attractions at these early gatherings was the bar staff supplied by the Club Captain, to the obvious delight of all the male members. Another taboo had been broken and some of the lady members exploited the new maxim "that the way to a man's heart is to pull his beer".

One local interest to regret our new-found self-sufficiency was the "Spotted Dog" in Willesden High Road — the scene of earlier Club Dinners. It was decided that we now had the facilities to hold the Dinner at the clubhouse and for a couple of years about a hundred members and guests crowded in on stacking and deck chairs and benches to recall the past season and renew acquaintances. At one such gathering Peter Parfitt spoke as a guest and treated us to anecdotes from the professional game. However the popularity of

this essential feature of the Club calendar led to discomforts for all concerned and after ground work by Eric Haywood the gastronomic event of the winter months moved to Lord's, where it has been successfully held ever since. A highlight since this change was in 1973 when the erudite Geoffrey Green graced us with an appearance as guest speaker. A most desirable result of the greater space afforded by the accommodation at Lord's was the introduction of an 'old members' table' at this function, which has added the vital ingredient of tradition to the evening.

The greater part played by the ladies in the new social scene was epitomised by the re-appearance at the ground in the late 60's of a Ladies Team, after an interval of over 40 years. Led by Miss Bob Peach the Ladies duly beat an assortment of male members and so won the champagne prize. Subsequent games have also been arranged with a somewhat alarmingly similar outcome. The side, normally in excess of an 'eleven', has become so dedicated that attendance for Ladies nets in 1974 well exceeded that for the 1st. XI.

The Social Committee suffered one or two upheavals at the end of the 60's but found the right blend of personalities to put on its most ambitious event to date when in 1970 it was decided to hold a Summer Ball. Marquees were erected on the outfield along with flood-lighting to illuminate the small hours. The home dressing room was stripped bare and transformed by black crepe and silver paper into a discotheque. A dance band occupied the tea lounge, relieved in the interval by a West Indian steel band which got everybody on

the floor. The main marquee was given over to 'sitting-out', food was served in a second and the third did an amazing trade in champagne and other grape products. The event may not have rivalled the Trinity First and Third Ball, but by Sidmouth Road's sleepy standards proved something of a successful extravaganza. The only unhappy outcome was the predictably dismal performance of the 1st. XI at Brondesbury on the next day.

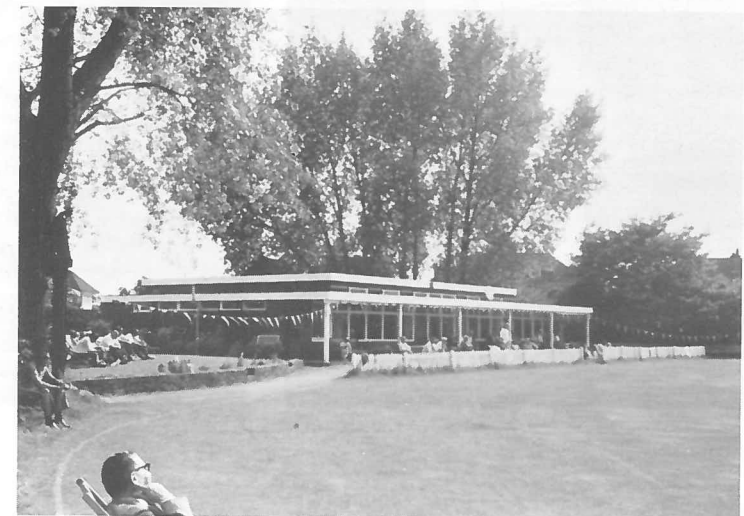
After much dedicated rehearsing the 'South Hampstead Players' produced in February 1974 the ninety-ninth anniversary revue, "Behind the Sightscreen". The show was written and directed by Eric Sharp and his enthusiastic cast put on a memorable evening for all those members who were intrigued enough to miss Match of the Day and come along to watch. It would be unfair to single out any of the performances and I'm sure that all who witnessed the event have their own particular favourite sketch. A very high standard was set and it is hoped that this form of entertainment will be repeated in the future. (This article was written before the presentation of the equally successful Centenary Revue, "Gorgonzola". Ed.)

This brief resume has only attempted to highlight some of the features of the social revolution brought about by a change of surroundings and the need to cater for the differing tastes of members in the swinging 60's and 70's. Apart from the functions described there have been a series of Wine and Cheese parties; Chinese, Italian and German nights; the perennial Darts competitions; the energetic cribbage club; a Wild West night with full

SOUTH HAMPSTEAD v. PRESIDENT'S XI 19.5.67

Official Opening of New Pavilion

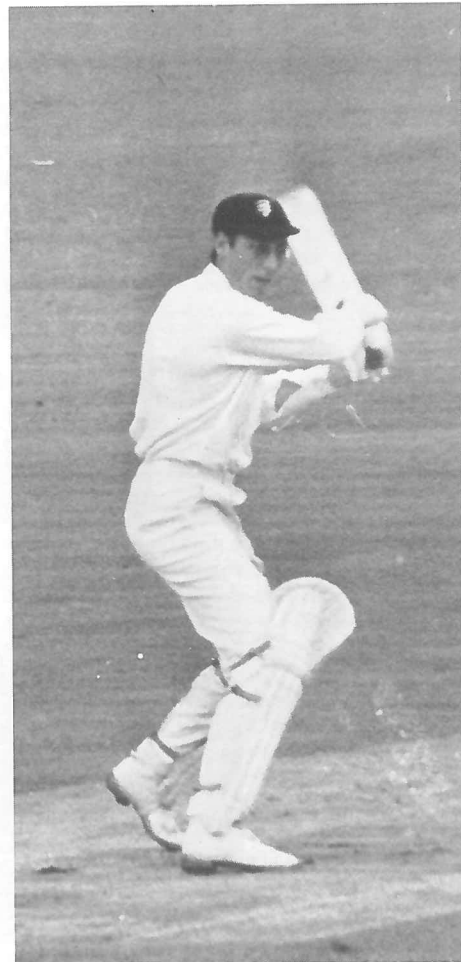
Standing l. to r. C.J. Newcombe, T.M. Cordaroy, J. Hill, R. Ager, D.F. Wallis, R.P. Phipps, J.B.C. Tutton, J. Matthews.
Sitting l. to r. W.H. Hart, R.A. Peach (capt.), L.G. Stubbs.



New Pavilion



Henry Malcolm



Terry Cordaroy



Len Stubbs

Winter Sports

Roy Dodson

costume and even a horse racing evening. Not everyone agrees with this movement away from a strict cricket-only atmosphere, but with membership at new record heights South Hampstead has become an all-round 'Club' offering a whole range of facilities and events to all members who frequent the premises.

Travelling around the club circuit and seeing the plight of so many other clubs, can one complain of our own healthy set-up?

A significant contribution to the present successful social scene has been made by the increasing mid-week usage of the Club for winter activities. As recently as the late 50's the Club was only open at weekends during the winter, often only supported by a handful of members. There was obvious scope for improvement, but in what direction? Someone suggested putting up a dart board; the enthusiasm was there, a board from someone's kitchen a surround from someone else's cellar, screws, measurements and after several false moves the board was up. No one bargained for the success this would have but in next to no time the club was thriving with people queuing up to show their prowess on the board. Competitions were started, matches against other clubs arranged and, possibly the most popular event, the Ladies v Gents on Sunday evenings. Coinciding with the opening of the Club every night in the winter, other activities were necessary to stimulate support and Tuesday became Disco Night (with a second-hand record player and members bringing their own records) and Thursday Darts Match night.

Although the initial support waned, the habit was established of members coming to the Club in winter. Amongst those involved in the early days were Colin Newcombe, Bob Higgins, Bruce Tutton, Bob Cleaver, Bob Peach, John Weale, Frank Leaman and Roy Dodson, not to mention Bob and Hubert Brooman, who could regularly be seen doing battle on the shove ha'penny board. The darts section continued to flourish, enjoying the hospitality of the Bowls Club during the transition period whilst the new pavilion was under construction.

Cup competition came on the scene when in 1968 the Old Uffingtonians presented a Darts Cup to be contested by some six clubs including ourselves. So far the Cup has been won by only two clubs, Heathfield winning it three times and South Hampstead the other four. In 1973 and '74 the Club was unbeaten and matches between the two Cup winners have been eventful and close with almost every one decided on the final double of the last game.

Our association with the Old Uffingtonians Football Club has proved advantageous and successful, providing us with many playing members and good organisers, notably Ken James. Our other winter association, with Hampstead Lacrosse Club, was interrupted for a couple of years while the outfield was relaid. Although not so close as with the Old Uffs, nevertheless many members will have pleasant memories of the Lacrosse Club, particularly of Jack Fenny, who was so tragically killed in a road accident.

The club showed its prowess on the intellectual field when in 1970 an eleven took part in a general knowledge quiz organised by Hornsey C.C. as part of their centenary celebrations. The disadvantage of never being drawn at home was overcome and on defeating Southgate C.C. in the final, the team shared a case of white wine and the Club became the proud possessor of a trophy, which is currently dwarfed "on the sideboard" by the Middlesex League Cup. Some might say that in this case size is relative to importance.

In conclusion thanks are due to all who organise and support these activities, which enable the Club to maintain liaison and gain financially in the periods between cricket seasons.

STATISTICS

Overall Club Performance since 1955

Analysis of results

	Played	Won	Drawn	Tied	Lost
1955	119	37	47	—	32
1956	105	34	39	—	26
1957	133	46	53	—	25
1958	126	36	52	—	34
1959	145	41	65	—	35
1960	127	43	38	1	42
1961	138	53	53	—	29
1962	146	73	40	—	20
1963	133	60	48	—	23
1964	133	54	43	—	33
1965	142	57	51	—	25
1966	141	61	45	—	22
1967	130	41	55	—	31
1968	124	47	49	—	19
1969	148	62	53	—	31
1970	144	32	59	—	50
1971	149	57	51	—	39
1972	170	47	75	—	39
1973	185	82	62	—	38
1974	184	77	70	2	29

Abandoned matches not listed

Overall Club Performance since 1955

Runs per wicket for and against the Club

FOR THE CLUB			AGAINST THE CLUB		
Runs	Wkts	Ave	Runs	Wkts	Ave
1955	17894	870 20.57	18128	923 19.64	
1956	14381	715 20.11	14140	860 16.44	
1957	18498	875 21.14	17768	985 18.04	
1958	16973	893 19.01	15091	948 15.92	
1959	22951	1079 21.27	22982	1059 21.70	
1960	17791	939 18.95	18645	1015 18.37	
1961	22344	934 23.92	20098	1052 19.10	
1962	23092	857 26.95	20049	1182 16.96	
1963	20516	846 24.25	18563	1077 17.24	
1964	18566	943 19.69	18679	1014 18.44	
1965	19190	982 19.54	18559	1102 16.84	
1966	20006	898 22.27	18492	1030 17.95	
1967	19887	905 21.97	18796	936 20.08	
1968	18722	826 22.67	16433	884 18.59	
1969	22121	1000 22.12	20853	1117 18.67	
1970	21854	1061 20.60	22130	976 22.67	
1971	20519	1003 20.45	20759	1150 18.05	
1972	22589	1134 19.92	23282	1152 20.21	
1973	27060	1263 21.43	24842	1457 17.05	
1974	27497	1237 22.23	24271	1452 16.72	

Performance of the 1st. XI since 1955

Analysis of results

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Aband.
1955	39	11	16	10 —
1956	35	10	16	7 2
1957	44	18	15	6 5
1958	42	12	18	8 4
1959	46	9	23	13 3
1960	41	14	19	8 —
1961	44	14	23	6 1
1962	47	27	13	3 4
1963	40	18	16	5 1
1964	40	21	14	4 1
1965	46	23	18	2 3
1966	43	18	17	3 5
1967	44	19	21	2 2
1968	44	19	20	2 3
1969	49	24	21	4 —
1970	47	14	21	10 2
1971	46	26	13	6 1
1972	47	18	22	4 3
1973	49	29	16	3 1
1974	47	26	18	1 2

MATCH AGGREGATES OVER 600

670	Monday	22.6.1908 at home (5½ hours)
	Belsize	South Hampstead
	388 - 7 dec.	282 - 7
	T. Tudor	182
	G. Buckingham	118
668	Friday	13.6.1930 at home (all day)
	South Hampstead	M.C.C.
	347 - 9 dec.	321 - 7
	R. C. F. Besch	160 P.G.T.Kingsley 118
653	Wednesday	10.6.36 at home (all day)
	W.M.Pierce's CCC XI	South Hampstead
	405	248 - 7
623	Monday	19.6.1922 at home (all day)
	Middlesex Regiment	South Hampstead
	371	252
		W.P.Brooman 142
612	Friday	15.8.1947 away (all day)
	Guildford	South Hampstead
	305 - 8 dec.	307 - 2
	F. Belcher	112 H.J.J.Malcolm 217*
610	Saturday	16.5.1936 at home (5 hours)
	High Wycombe	South Hampstead
	300	310 - 9
	E. Beeson	133

INNINGS TOTALS OVER 400

For the Club	
413 - 5	v. St. Mary's Hospital (H) 13.6.33
410 - 9	v. Artists Rifles (H) 15.7.34
402 - 5	v. Hendon (A) 6.7.89
Against the Club	
405	W.M.Pierce CCC XI (H) 10.6.36
Some low 1st. XI innings totals	
By the Club	
19	v. Hampstead (H) 30.8.02
41	v. O.M.T's (A) 29.5.65
42	v. Ealing (A) 15.6.41
47	v. Beddington (A) 8.5.60
47	v. Brentham (A) 8.9.57
By opponents	
19	Northwood (A) 7.5.21
24	Brondesbury (H) 10.6.35
25	Woodford Wells (A) 17.8.29
34	High Wycombe (H) 20.5.39
38	Ealing (A) 16.6.40
39	Teddington (H) 22.9.62
42	Mill Hill (H) 26.5.63
43	U.C.S. Old Boys (A) 21.8.43
49	O.M.T's (H) 3.6.50

INDIVIDUAL CLUB RECORDS

Most runs in season		2131
T.M. Cordaroy 1971		
Most runs in innings		217*
H.J.J. Malcolm 1947		
Most wickets in season		158
H.J.J. Malcolm 1934		
Most wicket keeping victims in season		83
E.H. Hart 1936		
Most wicket keeping victims in innings		7
C. Dodd 1951 (st.5, c.2)		
Most catches in season		38
T.M. Cordaroy 1969		

INDIVIDUAL SCORES OVER 200

For the Club	
217*	H.J.J. Malcolm v. Guildford 15.8.47
212*	R.E. Adair v. Pallingswick 22.7.11
201	T. B. Orgias v. Mr. Connor's XI 1.7.98
Against the Club	
225	J. Easby for St. Lawrence 14.8.93
202*	S. Nazir Ali for U.C. London 28.5.30

BOWLING ALL TEN WICKETS

1923	L. Gilliard	14.3-0-54-10	v. Athenians
1936	D.W. Malcolm	11.5-4-19-10	v. Pinner
1938	H.N. Moss	13.5-4-30-10	v. B.B.C.
1962	G.Burns	14.2-8-27-10	v. Dulwich
1974	J.Pearcey	15.1-2-45-10	v. Old Grammarians

RECORD PARTNERSHIPS — AS AT PRESENT KNOWN

1st. wkt	H.J.J. Malcolm 127, D.W. Malcolm 130	274	v. Winchmore Hill	(H)	22.6.46
2nd. wkt	A.J. Houghton 126, P.W. Sherwell 130	251	v. Uxbridge	(A)	3.6.00
3rd. wkt	E. Hartman 149, W. Vickers 106*	225	v. Highgate	(H)	10.6.30
4th. wkt	W.T. Western 140*, J.S. Woodbridge 102*	218	v. Old Citizens	(A)	29.5.37
5th. wkt	H.G. Watkins 121, E.H. Watkins 60	130	v. Finchley	(H)	30.6.35
6th. wkt	A.J. Delcomyn 122*, C.F. Higgins 131	198	v. Law Society	(H)	8.6.32
7th. wkt	W.T. Western 117*, D.W. Malcolm 64*	173	v. Pinner	(A)	17.9.38
8th. wkt	S. Greenbury 62, J.S. Woodbridge 58	104	v. Brondesbury	(A)	1.8.37
9th. wkt	N.G. Robertson 74, A. Farara 42	102	v. Brondesbury	(A)	19.7.47
10th. wkt	F.H. Sharman 99, H.J.J. Malcolm 55*	102	v. Asterisks	(H)	4.8.40

SEASON'S BEST BATTING, BOWLING AND FIELDING

BATTING — Aggregates over 1500

	Year	Runs
T.M. Cordaroy	1970	2131
"	1962	2076
"	1973	2054
"	1967	2028
"	1969	2007
"	1963	1956
"	1964	1950
"	1968	1894
H.J.J. Malcolm	1940	1852
"	1938	1849
T.M. Cordaroy	1974	1705
H.L. Wallach	1933	1695
T.M. Cordaroy	1972	1693
L.G. Stubbs	1962	1693
H.J.J. Malcolm	1948	1583
R.A. Peach	1961	1533
W.T. Western	1949	1510
D.R. Pragnell	1949	1508
R.J. Weale	1962	1506

BOWLING — More than 120 wickets

	Year	Wickets
H.J.J. Malcolm	1934	158
C.F. Higgins	1934	157
R.P. Phipps	1955	143
J.B.C. Tutton	1953	134
A.R. Cox	1973	133
H.J.J. Malcolm	1938	129
J. Walters	1947	123
M. Farara	1949	123
A.R. Cox	1971	122
R.P. Phipps	1958	122
H.J.J. Malcolm	1940	121

FIELDING — WICKET KEEPERS, OVER 50 VICTIMS

	Year	Total	c.	st.
E.H. Hart	1936	83	38	45
"	1938	69	23	46
"	1934	67	23	44
"	1937	60	25	35
F.H. Stubbs	1969	58	52	6
C. Ellis	1971	57	41	16
R. Ager	1965	56	48	8
E.H. Hart	1935	55	28	27
N.G. Cooper	1951	54	28	26

FIELDING — FIELD CATCHES - OVER 25

	Year	Total
T.M. Cordaroy	1969	38
"	1962	36
L.G. Stubbs	1964	36
F.W. Rayner	1933	32
T.M. Cordaroy	1974	29
"	1964	28
R.G. Cozens	1974	28
T.M. Cordaroy	1967	27
L.G. Stubbs	1962	25
"	1963	25
T.M. Cordaroy	1966	25

HAT TRICKS SINCE 1945

1946	A. Hots	v. Wembley
1947	H.J.J. Malcolm	Ealing
	M. Farara	M.P. Farr's XI
1948	A. Farara	Bachelor Wanderers
	E. Coell	Slough
1949	D.W. Malcolm	Exmouth
	L.W. Berry	Torquay
1950	C.W. Marson	Mill Hill Park
1951	E. Haywood	Hampton Wick
	R.J. Weale	Hounslow
1953	R.J. Weale	Brentham
1962	W.H. Hart	Old Collegians
	C. Sandrasegara	Abbey National
	J.B.C. Tutton	Brentham
1963	T.M. Cordaroy	King's College
	R. Denley	Teddington
	W.H. Hart	Hornsey
1973	O. Burton	Luton Town
1974	C. Hayles	Bedford Town

ALL-ROUNDERS DOUBLES

		Runs	Wickets
1933	H.J.J. Malcolm	1236	100
1934	"	1163	158
1936	"	1201	110
1937	"	1598	108
1938	"	1849*	129
1939	"	1427	103
1940	"	1852	121
1962	J.B.C. Tutton	1448	107

* 1,000 by June 12 and 9 centuries

WICKET KEEPERS DOUBLES 1,000 runs and 50 wkt.

1964	R. Ager	1012	50
1965	"	1128	56

CAREER FIGURES

BATTING

	Dates	Runs	Average
H.J.J. Malcolm	1930-59	28502**	74
T.M. Cordaroy	1960-date	26235	53
J.R. Wilson	1939-73	23904	24
W.T. Western	1928-60	21232**	31
H.L. Wallach	1920-59	20796**	20
D.W. Malcolm	1934-58	16472**	33
R.J. Weale	1948-66	14526	28
L.G. Stubbs	1961-date	14409	35
R.A. Peach	1955-date	13563	31

BOWLING

	Dates	Wickets
H.J.J. Malcolm	1930-59	1829**
R.P. Phipps	1948-71	1705
D.F. Wallis	1951-date	1293
J.R. Wilson	1939-73	1168
C.F. Higgins	1927-46	1063
W.H. Hart	1961-73	897
J.B.C. Tutton	1949-69	896
L.W. Berry	1938-58	813
E. Haywood	1940-53	780
R.A. Peach	1955-date	741
D.W. Malcolm	1934-58	700**
R.J. Weale	1948-66	682

**some year's records incomplete

CAREER DOUBLES OF 10,000 runs and 500 wickets

In addition to those included above, B.B.C. Tutton qualifies with 10826 runs and 598 wickets.

Club Officials as at present known

Presidents			
1889	Hon. Alfred Lyttleton	1934-37	H.B. Rayner and C.F. Higgins
1917-22	Dr. J.J. Ackworth	1938-39	W.G. Hibbert and H.A. Jones
1923-29	G.J. Furness	1940-50	E.E. Bowley
1933	G. Ball	1951-58	L.W. Berry
1934-39	H.B. Rayner	1959-69	C.J. Newcombe
1940-48	H.W. Brooman	1970-date	C.G. Hughes
1949-50	C. Pinkham		
1951-date	H.L. Wallach		
Hon. Secretaries			
1889	H.W. Brooman	Captain 1st. XI	
1908	E.H. Dove	1889	L.E. Thomas
1912	C.F. Barrett	1907-8	G.H. Bamford
1917-21	J.G.Q. Besch	1920	C.Pinkham
1922-24	H.B. Rayner	1922-24	A.A. Tyer
1925	R.C.F. Besch	1925	A. Courtney
1926-28 and 30	H. Leigh-Mossley	1926	W.S. Gwynne
1929	J.T. Keightley	1927-32	C. Pinkham
1933	H.W. Brooman and F.W. Rayner	1933	A.J. Delcomyn
1934-37	F.W. Rayner	1934-38	H.L. Wallach
1938-39	E.H. Watkins	1939	E.H. Watkins
1940-46	H.J.J. Malcolm	1940	S. Dunstone
1947-50	J.F. Tigg	1942	E. Haywood and H.J.J. Malcolm
1951-55	F.H. Sharman	1943-53	H.J.J. Malcolm
1956-57	B.L. Whale	1954	N.G. Robertson
1958-62	W.W.J. Barratt	1955-58	H.J.J. Malcolm
1962-date	K.R. Dodson	1959-60	A. Clain
		1961-68	R.A. Peach
		1969-70	L.G. Stubbs
		1971-73	R.A. Peach — Saturday
			D.F. Wallis — Sunday
			I.C.L. Jerman — Saturday
			D.F. Wallis — Sunday
Hon. Treasurers			
1889	H.W. Brooman	1974-date	
1914-16	J.S. Buckingham and W.Bramall		
1917 - 23	W. Bramall		
1924 and 27	H.B. Rayner		
1925-26	H.B. Rayner and J. Sandberg		
1928-29	H.B. Rayner and H.B. Brooman		
1930-33	H.B. Brooman		

PLAYERS IN ACTION — BOWLING



Bill Hart



Ian Jerman



1951

Doug Pragnell (leg slip). Chris Dodd (wkt.), Norman Robertson (short extra cover), Douglas Malcolm (1st slip), Len Berry (2nd slip), Bruce Tutton (gully)



1964

Robin Ager (wkt), Len Stubbs (1st slip), Don Wallis (bowler), Bill Hart (2nd slip) Terry Cordaroy (gully)

South Hampstead v. Winchmore Hill
Final of the Wills Trophy Competition played
at Winchmore Hill C.C. on Tuesday 10.9.1974.

South Hampstead won the toss

Innings of South Hampstead

N.P.D. Ross	c.Tait	b.Lee	9
T.M. Cordaroy	c.Lee	b.Braithwaite	27
S. Thompson	lbw	b.Braithwaite	55
L. Sylburne	st.Littlewood	b.Adamson	65
L.G. Stubbs	c.Lewis	b.Tait	31
C. Price		run out	0
S. Hatherell		not out	23
I. Jerman		b.Adamson	7
O. Burton		not out	10
A. Bruton		dnb	
A.R. Cox		dnb	
		Extras	9

(innings closed 55 overs. Total 7 wkts. 236

Bowling

A. Lee	11-1-31-1
B. Davies	11-3-24-0
J. Tait	11-1-60-1
J. Adamson	11-0-55-2
T. Braithwaite	11-0-57-2

Innings of Winchmore Hill

D. Seeman	c.Price	b.Hatherell	22
S. Lewis	c.Cox	b.Ross	28
C. Martin		b.Hatherell	0
L. Rogers		b.Ross	19
B. Davies	c.Price	b.Cox	24
T. Braithwaite		run out	4
J. Tait	c.Stubbs	b.Cox	9
D. Mackrill		b.Hatherell	8
A. Lee		b.Burton	13
D. Littlewood	st.Stubbs	b.Cox	2
J. Adamson		not out	0
		Extras	28

(46.2 overs) Total all out 157

Bowling

I. Jerman	8-2-26-0
O. Burton	8-0-34-1
S. Hatherell	9-2-5-18-3
N. Ross	11-4-32-2
A. Cox	10-3-21-3

South Hampstead won by 79 runs

Middlesex County Cricket League 1974

1st. Team Section

	P	W	D	D	L	A	Pts
		10	4	1	0	1	
S. Hampstead	15	7	6	0	0	2	96
Brondesbury	15	8	3	0	2	2	94
Finchley	15	8	2	1	2	2	91
Southgate	15	7	2	2	3	1	81
Winchmore H.	15	7	1	3	2	2	79
Teddington	15	5	2	1	4	3	62
Ealing	15	5	2	2	5	1	61
Hornsey	15	5	1	3	4	2	59
Richmond	15	5	0	4	4	2	56
Enfield	15	3	4	3	3	2	51
Shepherds B.	15	3	2	1	7	2	41
Brentham	15	3	1	2	6	3	39
Stanmore	15	3	1	3	6	2	39
Edmonton	15	1	3	1	8	2	25
N.Middlesex	15	1	2	2	8	2	22
Wembley	15	0	1	5	7	2	11

South Hampstead, First Wills Trophy Final,

Lord's 1968

- Standing l. to r. Mrs. A.R. Hawdon (scorer),
A.R. Cox, W.H. Hart, T.M. Cordaroy,
J. Matthews, D.F. Wallis, J.B.C. Tutton,
J. Sharp (12th man).
- Sitting l. to r. F.H. Stubbs, G. Cole, R.A. Peach, (capt.).
L.G. Stubbs, R. Ager



South Hampstead, 1974 Wills Trophy Final,

Winchmore Hill

- l. to r. N.P.D. Ross, C. Price, S. Hatherell, A.R. Cox,
L.G. Stubbs, M. Langley (12th man),
I.C.L. Jerman (capt.), O. Burton, T.M. Cordaroy,
A. Bruton, S. Thompson, L. Sylburne.
- on ground Mrs. A.R. Hawdon (scorer).

